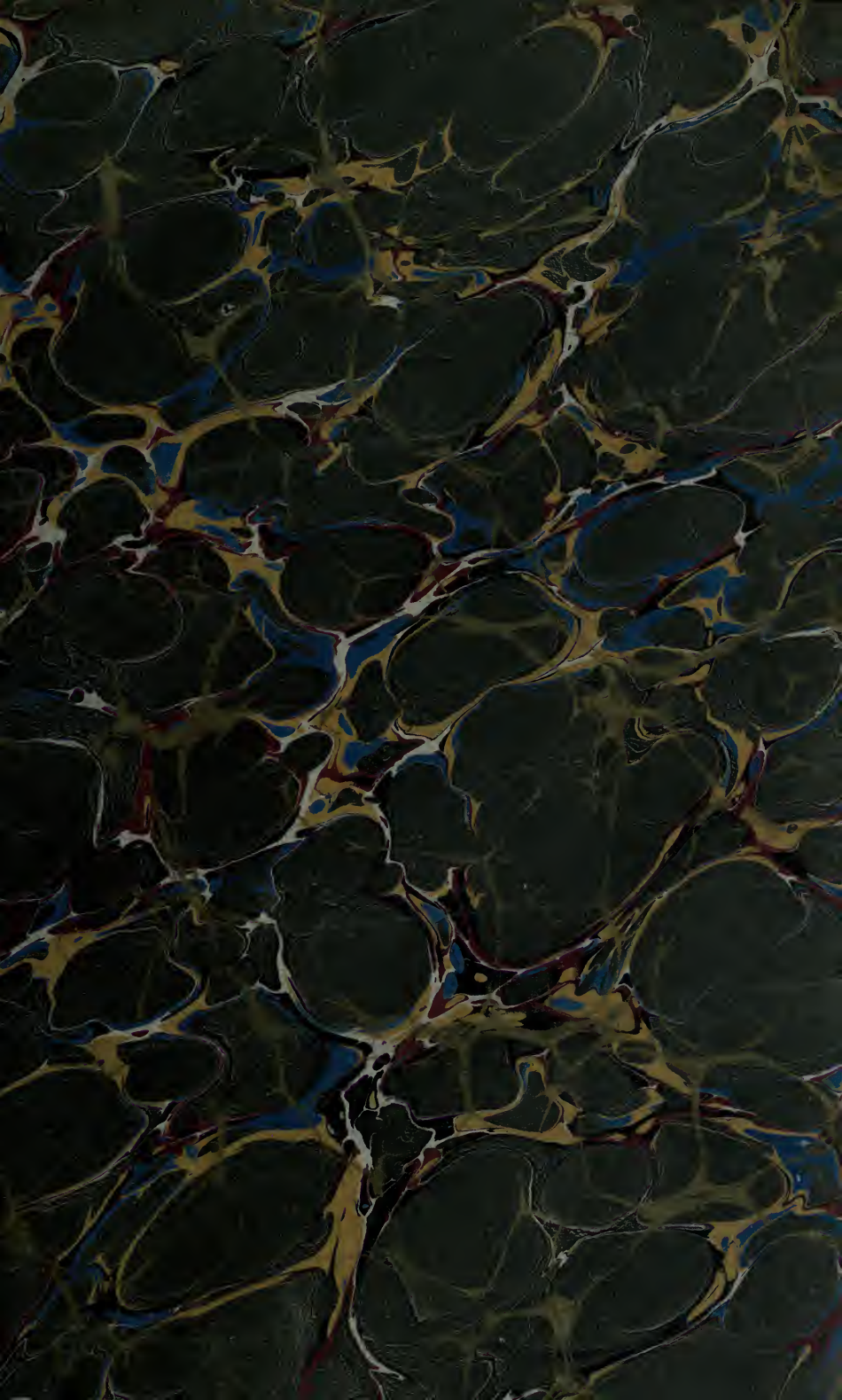


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THE
HELLENICS
OF
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR;
COMPRISING
HEROIC IDYLS, &c.

NEW EDITION, ENLARGED.

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PAUL'S WORK.

TO

GENERAL SIR W. NAPIER.

MY DEAR GENERAL, I do not ask permission to dedicate this volume to you : I did not entreat the same liberty of Kossuth. You are the two men I venerate the most among the living. The prime glory of my life is your friendship. This life of mine is drawing to a close, and friendship must end with it. Your incurable and tormenting wounds, endured for half a century, leave to you a date not much longer. But your writings will endure when mine have perished, and you will be remembered as the most impartial as well as the most animated of England's Historians. No family on earth, modern or ancient, has produced so great a number of illustrious men, in literature, science, and war, as the family of Napier ; none in all its branches so ill requited. One of it could have saved India ; another can only adorn England. An illustrious man ordered it to be inscribed on his monument, that he was *the friend of Sir Philip Sidney* ; an obscurer one can but leave this brief memorial that he was the friend of Sir William Napier.

PREFACE.

PREFIXING a preface is like keeping an invited friend at the hall-door, instead of conducting him at once into the house.

Little in these pages will gratify the generality of readers. Poetry, in our day, is oftener prismatic than diaphanous: this is not so: they who look into it may see through. If there be anywhere a few small air-bubbles, it yet leaves to the clear vision a wide expanse of varied scenery.

COME back, ye wandering Muses, come back home,
Ye seem to have forgotten where it lies :
Come, let us walk upon the silent sands
Of Simois, where deep footmarks show long strides ;
Thence we may mount perhaps to higher ground,
Where Aphroditè from Athenè won
The golden apple, and from Herè too,
And happy Ares shouted far below.

Or would ye rather choose the grassy vale
Where flows Anapos thro anemones,
Hyacinths, and narcissuses, that bend
To show their rival beauty in the stream ?

Bring with you each her lyre, and each in turn
Temper a graver with a lighter song.

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IDYLS, HELLENIC, ETC.

THRASYMEDES AND EUNÖE.

WHO will away to Athens with me? who
Loves choral songs and maidens crown'd with flowers,
Unenvious? mount the pinnace; hoist the sail.
I promise ye, as many as are here,
Ye shall not, while ye tarry with me; taste
From unrinsed barrel the diluted wine
Of a low vineyard or a plant ill-pruned,
But such as anciently the Ægæan iles
Pour'd in libation at their solemn feasts:
And the same goblets shall ye grasp, embost
With no vile figures of loose languid boors,
But such as Gods have lived with and have led.

The sea smiles bright before us. What white sail
Plays yonder? what pursues it? Like two hawks
Away they fly. Let us away in time
To overtake them. Are they menaces
We hear? And shall the strong repulse the weak,
Enraged at her defender? Hippias!
Art thou the man? 'Twas Hippias. He had found
His sister borne from the Cecropian port
By Thrasymedes. And reluctantly?
Ask, ask the maiden; I have no reply.

“ Brother ! O brother Hippias ! O, if love,
 If pity, ever toucht thy breast, forbear !
 Strike not the brave, the gentle, the beloved,
 My Thrasymedes, with his cloak alone
 Protecting his own head and mine from harm.”

“ Didst thou not once before,” cried Hippias,
 Regardless of his sister, hoarse with wrath
 At Thrasymedes, “ didst not thou, dog-eyed,
 Dare, as she walkt up to the Parthenon,
 On the most holy of all holy days,
 In sight of all the city, dare to kiss
 Her maiden cheek ? ”

“ Ay, before all the Gods,
 Ay, before Pallas, before Artemis,
 Ay, before Aphrodite, before Hera,
 I dared ; and dare again. Arise, my spouse !
 Arise ! and let my lips quaff purity
 From thy fair open brow.”

The sword was up,
 And yet he kist her twice. Some God withheld
 The arm of Hippias ; his proud blood seeth'd slower
 And smote his breast less angrily ; he laid
 His hand on the white shoulder, and spake thus :
 “ Ye must return with me. A second time
 Offended, will our sire Pisistratos
 Pardon the affront ? Thou shouldst have askt thy-
 self

This question ere the sail first flappt the mast.”
 “ Already thou hast taken life from me ;
 Put up thy sword,” said the sad youth, his eyes
 Sparkling ; but whether love or rage or grief
 They sparkled with, the Gods alone could see.

Piræos they re-entered, and their ship
Drove up the little waves against the quay,
Whence was thrown out a rope from one above,
And Hippias caught it. From the virgin's waist
Her lover dropt his arm, and blusht to think
He had retain'd it there in sight of rude
Irreverent men : he led her forth, nor spake.
Hippias walkt silent too, until they reacht
The mansion of Pisistratos her sire.
Serenely in his sternness did the prince
Look on them both awhile : they saw not him,
For both had cast their eyes upon the ground.
"Are these the pirates thou hast taken, son?"
Said he. "Worse, father! worse than pirates they,
Who thus abuse thy patience, thus abuse
Thy pardon, thus abuse the holy rites
Twice over."

"Well hast thou performed thy duty,"
Firmly and gravely said Pisistratos.
"Nothing then, rash young man! could turn thy
heart
From Eunöe, my daughter?"

"Nothing, sir,
Shall ever turn it. I can die but once
And love but once. O Eunöe! farewell!"
"Nay, she shall see what thou canst bear for her."
"O father! shut me in my chamber, shut me
In my poor mother's tomb, dead or alive,
But never let me see what he can bear;
I know how much that is, when borne for me."
"Not yet: come on. And lag not thou behind,
Pirate of virgin and of princely hearts!"

Before the people and before the Goddess
Thou hadst evinced the madness of thy passion,
And now wouldst bear from home and plenteousness
To poverty and exile this my child.”
Then shuddered Thrasymedes, and exclaim’d,
“I see my crime ; I saw it not before.
The daughter of Pisistratos was born
Neither for exile nor for poverty,
Ah ! nor for me !” He would have wept, but one
Might see him, and weep worse. The prince un-
moved
Strode on, and said, “To-morrow shall the people.
All who beheld thy trespasses, behold
The justice of Pisistratos, the love
He bears his daughter, and the reverence
In which he holds the highest law of God.”
He spake ; and on the morrow they were one.

CORINNA TO TANAGRA.

FROM ATHENS.

TANAGRA ! think not I forget
Thy beautifully-storied streets ;
Be sure my memory bathes yet
In clear Thermodon, and yet greets
The blithe and liberal shepherd-boy,
Whose sunny bosom swells with joy
When we accept his matted rushes
Upheav'd with sylvan fruit ; away he bounds, and
blushes.

A gift I promise : one I see
Which thou with transport wilt receive,
The only proper gift for thee,
Of which no mortal shall bereave
In later times thy mouldering walls,
Until the last old turret falls ;
A crown, a crown from Athens won,
A crown no God can wear beside Latona's son.

There may be cities who refuse
To their own child the honours due,
And look ungently on the Muse ;
But ever shall those cities rue
The dry, unyielding, niggard breast,
Offering no nourishment, no rest,
To that young head which soon shall rise
Disdainfully, in might and glory, to the skies.

Sweetly where cavern'd Dirce flows
Do white-arm'd maidens chaunt my lay,
Flapping the while with laurel-rose
The honey-gathering tribes away ;
And sweetly, sweetly Attic tongues
Lisp your Corinna's early songs ;
To her with feet more graceful come
The verses that have dwelt in kindred breasts at
home.

O let thy children lean aslant
Against the tender mother's knee,
And gaze into her face, and want
To know what magic there can be
In words that urge some eyes to dance,
While others as in holy trance
Look up to heaven : be such my praise !
Why linger ? I must haste, or lose the Delphic bays.

MYRTIS.

FRIENDS, whom she lookt at blandly from her couch
And her white wrist above it, gem-bedewed,
Were arguing with Pentheusa : she had heard
Report of Creon's death, whom years before
She listened to, well-pleas'd ; and sighs arose ;
For sighs full often fondle with reproofs
And will be fondled by them. When I came
After the rest to visit her, she said,
“ Myrtis ! how kind ! Who better knows than thou
The pangs of love ? and my first love was he ! ”
Tell me (if ever, Eros ! are reveal'd
Thy secrets to the earth) have they been true
To any love who speak about the first ?
What ! shall these holier lights, like twinkling stars
In the few hours assign'd them, change their place,
And, when comes ampler splendour, disappear ?
Idler I am, and pardon, not reply,
Implore from thee, thus questioned ; well I know
Thou strikest, like Olympian Jove, but once.

ALETHEIA TO PHRAORTES.

AFTER THE SACKAGE OF MILETOS.

PHRAORTES ! where art *thou* ?

The flames were panting after us, their darts
Had pierced to many hearts
Before the Gods, who heard nor prayer nor vow ;

Temples had sunk to earth, and other smoke
O'er riven altars broke
Than curled from myrrh and nard,
When like a God among
Arm'd hosts and unarm'd throng
Thee I discern'd, implored, and caught one brief re-
gard.

Thou passest : from thy side
Sudden two bowmen ride
And hurry me away.
Thou and all hope were gone . .
They loost me . . and alone
In a closed tent 'mid gory arms I lay.

How did my tears then burn
When, dreading thy return,
Behold thee reappear !
Nor helm nor sword nor spear . .

In violet gold-hemm'd vest
Thou camest forth ; too soon !
Fallen at thy feet, claspt to thy breast,
I struggle, sob, and swoon.

“ O send me to my mother ! bid her come,
 And take my last farewell !
 One blow ! . . enough for both . . one tomb . .
 ’Tis there *our* happy dwell.”

Thou orderest : call’d and gone
 At once they are who breathe for thy command.
 Thou stoodest nigh me, soothing every moan,
 And pressing in both thine my hand,

Then, and then only, when it tore
 My hair to hide my face ;
 And gently did thy own bend o’er
 The abject head war-doomed to dire disgrace.

Ionian was thy tongue,
 And when thou badest me to raise
 That head, nor fear in aught thy gaze,
 I dared look up . . but dared not long.

“ Wait, maiden, wait ! if none are here
 Bearing a charm to charm a tear,
 There may (who knows ?) be found at last
 Some solace for the sorrow past.”

My mother, ere the sounds had ceast,
 Burst in, and drew me down :
 Her joy o’erpowered us both, her breast
 Covered lost friends and ruin’d town.

Sweet thought ! but yielding now
 To many harsher ! By what blow

Art thou dissevered from me ? War,
That hath career'd too far,
Closeth his pinions. "Come, Phraortes, come
To thy fond friends at home !"

Thus beckons Love. Away then, wishes wild !
O may thy mother be as blest
As one whose eyes will sink to rest
Blessing thee for her rescued child !

Ungenerous stil my heart must be :
Throughout the young and festive train
Which thou revisitest again
May none be happier (this I fear) than she !

HOMER AND LAERTES.*

LAERTES.

Gods help thee! and restore to thee thy sight!
My good old guest, I am more old than thou,
Yet have outlived by many years my son
Odysseus and the chaste Penelope.

HOMER.

Hither I come to visit thee and sing
His wanderings and his wisdom, tho my voice
Be not the voice it was.

LAERTES.

First let us taste
My old sound wine, and break my bread less old,
But old enough for teeth like thine and mine.

HOMER.

So be it! I sing best when such good cheer
Refreshes me, and such a friend as thou.

LAERTES.

Far hast thou wandered since we met, and told
Strange stories. Wert thou not afraid some God

* Poets are not bound to chronology. About Homer and Laertes as little is known as about Polyphemos and Calypso. To the glory of God, let us believe that He created a Homer one and indivisible: we know he created a Shakespeare. After this he rested from his labour a hundred years: then he called to Him the nearest of the Angels, made a model, breathed his own spirit into it, and called it Milton.

Or Goddess should have siez'd upon thy ear
For talking what thou toldest of their pranks.

HOMER.

They often came about me while I slept
And brought me dreams, none painful, none profane ;
They loved thy son, and for his sake loved me.

LAERTES.

Apollo, I well know, was much thy friend.

HOMER.

He did not treat me quite as Marsyas
Was treated by him : lest he should, I sang
His praise in my best chaunt : for Gods love praise.

LAERTES.

Have they enricht thee ? for I see thy cloak
Is ragged.

HOMER.

Ragged cloak is poet's garb.

LAERTES.

I have two better ; one of them for thee.
Penelope, who died five years ago,
Spun it ; her husband wore it only once
And but one year, the anniversary
Of their espousal.

HOMER.

Wear it will I not,
But I will hang it on the brightest nail

Of the first temple where Apollo sits,
Golden-hair'd, in his glory.

LAERTES.

So thou shalt
If so it please thee : yet we first will quaff
The gift of Bakkos, for methinks his gifts
Are quite as welcome to the sons of song
And cheer them oftener.

(Girl enters.)

Maiden ! come thou nigh
And sit thee down, and thou shalt hear a song
After a while which Gods may listen to ;
But place the flask upon the board and wait
Until the stranger hath allaid his thirst,
For poets, grasshoppers, and nightingales
Sing cheerily but when the throat is moist.

THERON AND ZOE.

ZOE.

CHANGED? very true, O Theron, I am changed.

THERON.

It would at least have been as merciful
To hold a moment back from me the briar
You let recoil thus sharply on my breast.
Not long ago, not very long, you own'd
With maiden blushes, which became your brow
Better than corn-flower, or that periwinkle
Trained round it by a very careful hand,
A long while trimming it (no doubt) and proud
Of making its blue blossom laugh at me.

ZOE.

I could laugh too. What did I own? It seems
(It was so little) you have quite forgot.

THERON.

That, since we sate together day by day,
And walkt together, sang together, none
Of earliest, gentlest, fondest, maiden friends
Loved you as formerly. If one remain'd
Dearer to you than any of the rest,
You could not wish her greater happiness . .

ZOE.

Than what?

THERON.

I think you never could have said it . .
I must have dreamt it . .

ZOE.

Tell me then your dream.

THERON.

I thought you said . . nay, I will swear you said . .
More than one heard it . . that you could not wish
The nearest to your heart more perfect joy
Than Theron's love.

ZOE.

Did I ?

THERON.

The Gods in heaven
Are witnesses, no less than woodland Gods,
That you did say it. O how changed ! no word,
No look, for Theron now !

ZOE.

Girls often say
More than they mean : men always do.

THERON.

By Pan !

Who punishes with restless nights the false,
Hurling the sleeper down the precipice
Into the roaring gulph, or letting loose
Hounds, wolves, and tigers after him, his legs

Meanwhile tied not quite close, but just apart,
In withy bands . . by him I swear, my tongue,
Zoe ! can never utter half my love.
Retract not one fond word.

ZOE.

I must retract
The whole of those.

THERON.

And leave me most unblest !

ZOE.

I know not.

THERON.

Heed not, rather say. Farewell.

ZOE.

Farewell. I will not call you back again.
Go, Theron ! hatred soon will sear your wound.

THERON.

Falsehood I hate : I can not hate the false.

ZOE.

Never ? Then scorn her.

THERON.

I can scorn myself,
And will ; for others are preferr'd to me ;
The untried to the tried.

ZOE.

You said farewell.

THERON.

Again I say it.

ZOE.

Now I can believe
That you, repeating it, indeed are gone.
Yet seem you standing where you stood before.
Hath Pan done this? Pan, who doth such strange
things.

THERON.

Laugh me to scorn: derision I deserve:
But let that smile . . O let it be less sweet!
Sorrowful let me part, but not insane.

ZOE.

I know some words that charm insanity
Before it can take hold.

THERON.

Speak them; for now
Are they most wanted.

ZOE.

I did say, 'tis true,
If on this solid earth friend dear enough
Remain'd to me, that Theron is the youth
I would desire to bless her.

THERON.

To avoid
My importunity ; to hear no more
The broken words that spoilt our mutual song,
The sobs that choakt my flute, the humidity
(Not from the lip) that gurgled on the stops.

ZOE.

I would avoid them all ; they troubled me.

THERON.

Now then, farewell.

ZOE.

I will do all the harm
I can to any girl who hopes to love you ;
Nor shall you have her.

THERON.

Vain and idle threat !

ZOE.

So, Theron ! you would love then once again ?

THERON.

Never ; were love as possible and easy . . .

ZOE.

As what ?

THERON.

As death.

ZOE.

O Theron ! once indeed
I said the words which then so flatter'd you,
And now so pain you. Long before my friends
Left me through envy of your fondness for me,
No, not the dearest of them could I bear
To see beloved by you. False words I spake,
Not knowing then how false they were.

THERON.

Speak now
One that shall drown them all.

ZOE.

My voice is gone.
Why did you kiss me . . if you wisht to hear it ?

ÆSCHYLOS AND SOPHOCLES.

SOPHOCLES.

THOU goest then, and leavest none behind
Worthy to rival thee !

ÆSCHYLOS.

Nay, say not so.
Whose is the hand that now is pressing mine ?
A hand I may not ever press again !
What glorious forms hath it brought boldly forth
From Pluto's realm ! The blind old Œdipos
Was led on one side by Antigone,
Sophocles propt the other.

SOPHOCLES.

Sophocles
Sooth'd not Prometheus chain'd upon his rock,
Keeping the vultures and the Gods away ;
Sophocles is not greater than the chief
Who conquered Ilion, nor could he revenge
His murder, or stamp everlasting brand
Upon the brow of that adulterous wife.

ÆSCHYLOS.

Live, and do more.

Thine is the Lemnian ile,
And thou hast placed the arrows in the hand
Of Philoctetes, hast assuaged his wounds
And given his aid without which Greece had fail'd.

SOPHOCLES.

I did indeed drive off the pest of flies ;
 We also have our pest of them which buz
 About our honey, darken it, and sting ;
 We laugh at them, for under hands like ours,
 Without the wing that Philoctetes shook,
 One single feather crushes the whole swarm.

I must be grave.

Hath Sicily such charms
 Above our Athens ? Many charms hath she,
 But she hath kings. Accursed be the race !

ÆSCHYLOS.

But where kings honor better men than they
 Let kings be honored too.

The laurel crown
 Surmounts the golden ; wear it, and farewell.

DAMÆTAS AND IDA.

DAMÆTAS is a boy as rude
As ever broke maid's solitude.
He watcht the little Ida going
Where the wood-raspberries were growing,
And, under a pretence of fear
Lest they might scratch her arms, drew near,
And, plucking up a stiff grey bent,
The fruit (scarce touching it,) he sent
Into both hands : the form they took
Of a boat's keel upon a brook ;
So not a raspberry fell down
To splash her foot or stain her gown.
When it was over, for his pains
She let his lips do off the stains
That were upon two fingers ; he
At first kist two, and then kist three,
And, to be certain every stain
Had vanisht, kist them o'er again.
At last the boy, quite shameless, said
" See ! I have taken out the red !
Now where there's redder richer fruit
Pray, my sweet Ida, let me do 't."
" Audacious creature !" she cried out,
" What in the world are you about ?"
He had not taken off the red
All over ; on both cheeks 'twas spred ;
And the two lips that should be white
With fear, if not with fear, with spite
At such ill usage, never show'd
More comely, or more deeply glow'd.

Damætas fancied he could move
The girl to listen to his love :
Not he indeed.

DAMÆTAS.

For pity's sake !

IDA.

Go ; never more come nigh this brake.

DAMÆTAS.

Must I, why must I, press in vain ?

IDA.

Because I hate you.

DAMÆTAS.

Think again,
Think better of it, cruel maid !

IDA.

Well then . . because I am afraid.

DAMÆTAS.

Look round us : nobody is near.

IDA.

All the more reason for my fear.

DAMÆTAS.

Hatred is overcome by you,
And Fear can be no match for two.

HYPERBION.

HYPERBION was among the chosen few
Of Phœbus ; and men honored him awhile,
Honoring in him the God. But others sang
As loudly ; and the boys as loudly cheer'd.
Hyperbion (more than bard should be) was wroth,
And thus he spake to Phœbus : " Hearest thou,
O Phœbus ! the rude rabble from the field,
Who swear that they have known thee ever since
Thou feddest for Admetos his white bull ? "
" I hear them," said the God. " Seize thou the first
And haul him up above the heads of men,
And thou shalt hear them shout for thee as pleas'd."
Headstrong and proud Hyperbion was : the crown
Of laurel on it badly cool'd his brow :
So, when he heard them singing at his gate,
While some with flints cut there the rival's name,
Rushing he seiz'd the songster at their head :
The songster kickt and struggled hard ; in vain.
Hyperbion claspt him round with arm robust,
And with the left a hempen rope uncoil'd,
Whereon already was a noose : it held
The calf until the mother's teat was drawn
At morn and eve ; and both were now afield.
With all his strength he pull'd the wretch along,
And haul'd him up a pine-tree where he died.
But one night, not long after, in his sleep
He saw the songster : then did he beseech
Apollo to enlighten him, if perchance
In what he did he had done aught amiss.
" Thou hast done well, Hyperbion ! " said the God,

“As I did also to one Marsyas
Some years ere thou wert born : but better 'twere
If thou hadst understood my words aright,
For those around may harm thee, and assign
As reason that thou wentest past the law.
My meaning was that thou shouldst hold him up
In the high places of thy mind, and show
Thyself the greater by enduring him.”

Downcast Hyperbion stood : but Phœbus said
“Be of good cheer, Hyperbion ! if the rope
Is not so frayed but it may hold thy calf,
The greatest harm is that by hauling him
Thou hast chafed, sorely, sorely, that old pine ;
And pine-tree bark will never close again.”

ALCIPHRON AND LEUCIPPE.

AN ancient chestnut's blossoms threw
Their heavy odour over two :
Leucippe, it is said, was one,
The other then was Alciphron.

“Come, come ! why should we stand beneath
This hollow tree's unwholesome breath,”
Said Alciphron, “here's not a blade
Of grass or moss, and scanty shade.
Come ; it is just the hour to rove
In the lone dingle shepherds love,
There, straight and tall, the hazel twig
Divides the crooked rock-held fig,
O'er the blue pebbles where the rill
In winter runs, and may run stil.
Come then, while fresh and calm the air,
And while the shepherds are not there.”

LEUCIPPE.

But I would rather go when they
Sit round about and sing and play.
Then why so hurry me ? for you
Like play and song and shepherds too.

ALCIPHRON.

I like the shepherds very well,
And song and play, as you can tell.
But there is play I sadly fear,
And song I would not have you hear.

LEUCIPPE.

What can it be ? what can it be ?

ALCIPHRON.

To you may none of them repeat
The play that you have played with me,
The song that made your bosom beat.

LEUCIPPE.

Don't keep your arm about my waist.

ALCIPHRON.

Might not you stumble ?

LEUCIPPE.

Well then, do.
But why are we in all this haste ?

ALCIPHRON.

To sing.

LEUCIPPE.

Alas ! and not play too ?

MELITON AND LILY.

THERE was a time when Flowers could speak more
plain
Than Poets now do ; and for once again
A Flower shall answer what a Poet said . .
Meliton *he* was, Lily was the maid.
Sit on this garden-bench and hear a song,
Maybe not tiresome, certainly not long.

MELITON.

Lily ! why dost thou shower on me the gold
Off thy white bosom, dazzling to behold ?
Must I confess to thee, another Flower
I love stil better at this very hour,
And she shall (if not over) place thee nigh
A bosom pure as thine, where never sigh
(I hope) shall shake thee, Lily ! now goodbye,
Forgetting not, nor ready to disown
Thy friend of other days, thy Meliton.
Before thee, at an early season, burst
A Rose, and whispered low . . *You loved me first.*

LILY.

You are inconstant, now I know,
I often heard it long ago
But never thought to tell you so.
I need no blush ; but every day
She blushes ; yes, and well she may.

Pure let her be ! well ! who should care ?
Is she, pray tell me, quite as fair ?
You do not answer what I ask.

MELITON.

I dare not ; it's too hard a task.

ICARIOS AND ERIGONÈ.

IMPROVIDENT were once the Attic youths,
As (if we may believe the credulous
And testy) various youths have been elsewhere.
But truly such was their improvidence,
Ere Pallas in compassion was their guide,
They never stowed away the fruits of earth
For winter use ; nor knew they how to press
Olive or grape : yet hospitality
Sate at the hearth, and there was mirth and song.
Wealthy and generous in the Attic land,
Icarios ! wert thou ; and Erigonè,
Thy daughter, gave with hearty glee the milk,
Buzzing in froth beneath unsteddy goat,
To many who stopt near her ; some for thirst,
And some to see upon its back that hand
So white and small and taper, and await
Until she should arise and show her face.
The father wisht her not to leave his house,
Nor she to leave her father ; yet there sued
From all the country round both brave and rich ;
Some, nor the wealthier of her wooers, drove
Full fifty slant-brow'd kingly-hearted swine,
Reluctant ever to be led aright,
Race autocratical, autochthon race,
Lords of the woods, fed by the tree of Jove.
Some had three ploughs ; some had eight oxen ; some
Had vines, on oak, on maple, and on elm,
In long and strait and gleamy avenues,
Which would have tired you had you reacht the end
Without the unshapen steps that led beyond

Up the steep hill to where they leand on poles.
Yet kind the father was, and kind the maid.
And now when winter blew the chaff about,
And hens pursued the grain into the house,
Quarrelsome and indignant at repulse,
And rushing back again with ruffled neck,
They and their brood ; and kids blinkt at the brand,
And bee-nosed oxen, with damp nostrils lowered
Against the threshold, stamp't the dogs away ;
Icarios, viewing these with thoughtful mind,
Said to Erigonè, " Not scantily
The Gods have given us these birds, and these
Short-bleating kids, and these loose-hided steers.
The Gods have given : to them will we devote
A portion of their benefits, and bid
The youths who love and honor us partake :
So shall their hearts, and so shall ours, rejoice."
The youths were bidden to the feast : the flesh
Of kid and crested bird was plentiful :
The steam hung on the rafters, where were nail'd
Bushes of savory herbs, and figs and dates ;
And yellow-pointed pears sent down long stalks
Through nets wide-mesht, work of Erigonè
When night was long and lamp yet unsupplied.
Choice grapes Icarios had ; and these, alone
Of all men in the country, he preserved
For festive days ; nor better day than this
To bring them from beneath his reed-thatcht roof.
He mounted the twelve stairs with hearty pride,
And soon was heard he, breathing hard : he now
Descended, holding in both arms a cask,
Fictile, capacious, bulging : cork-tree bark

Secured the treasure ; wax above the mouth,
And pitch above the wax. The pitch he brake,
The wax he scraped away, and laid them by,
Wrenching up carefully the cork-tree bark.
A hum was heard. "What ! are there bees within ?"
Euphorbas cried. "They came then with the grapes,"
Replied the elder, and pour'd out clear juice
Fragrant as flowers, and wrinkled husks anon.
"The ghosts of grapes !" cried Phanor, fond of jokes
Within the house, but ever abstinent
Of such as that in woodland and alone,
Where any sylvan God might overhear.
No few were saddened at the ill-omen'd word,
But sniffing the sweet odour, bent their heads,
Tasted, sipt, drank, ingurgitated : fear
Flew from them all, joy rusht to every breast,
Friendship grew warmer, hands were join'd, vows
sworn.

From cups of every size, from cups two-ear'd,
From ivy-twisted and from smooth alike,
They dash the water ; they pour in the wine ;
(For wine it was) until that hour unseen.
They emptied the whole cask ; and they alone ;
For both the father and the daughter sate
Enjoying their delight. But when they saw
Flusht faces, and when angry words arose
As one more fondly glanced against the cheek
Of the fair maiden on her seat apart,
And she lookt down, or lookt another way
Where other eyes caught hers and did the like,
Sadly the sire, the daughter fearfully,
Upon each other fixt wide-open eyes.

This did the men remark, and, bearing signs
 Different, as were their tempers; of the wine,
 But feeling each the floor reel under him,
 Each raging with more thirst at every draught,
 Acastor first (sidelong his step) arose,
 Then Phanor, then Antyllos :

“ Zeus above

Confound thee, cursed wretch !” aloud they cried,
 “ Is this thy hospitality ? must all

Who loved thy daughter perish at a blow ?

Not at a blow, but like the flies and wasps.”

Madness had seiz'd them all. Erigonè

Ran out for help ; what help ? Before her sprang

Moera, and howl'd and barkt, and then return'd

Presaging. They had dragg'd the old man out

And murdered him. Again flew Moera forth,

Faithful, compassionate, and seiz'd her vest,

And drew her where the body lay, unclosed

The eyes, and rais'd toward the stars of heaven.

Thou who hast listened, and stil ponderest,

Raise thine, for thou hast heard enough, raise thine

And view Böotes bright among those stars,

Brighter the Virgin : Moera too shines there.

But where were the Eumenides ? Repress

Thy anger. If the clear calm stars above

Appease it not, and blood must flow for blood,

Harken, and hear the sequel of the tale.

Wide-seeing Zeus lookt down ; as mortals knew

By the woods bending under his dark eye,

And huge towers shuddering on the mountain

tops,

And stillness in the valley, in the wold,

And over the deep waters all round earth.
He lifted up his arm, but struck them not
In their abasement : by each other's blow
They fell ; some suddenly ; but more beneath
The desperate gasp of long-enduring wounds.

THE BOYS OF VENUS.

TWAIN are the boys of Venus : one surveys
Benignly this our globe ; the other flies
Cities and groves, nor listens to their songs
Nor bears their converse ; hardly is he known
By name among them ; cold as Eurus, pure
As gusty rain.

What discord tore apart
The brothers ? what beside ambition could ?
The elder was aggriev'd to see the sparks
Shoot from the younger's whetstone as he turn'd
His arrow-barbs, nor pleas'd that he should waste
Day after day in wreathing flowers for crowns,
Or netting meshes to entrap the birds ;
And, while rose incense to that idle child,
To him were only empty honors paid.
Bitterly to Silenus he complain'd,
Entreating him to arbitrate his wrongs
But hearing no remonstrance, mild as were
The wise God's words ; they only fann'd his ire.
" Call that Idalian " cried he " then decide."
He did so.

" Brother ! was it me you call'd ? "
Said the sweet child, whose wings were hanging down
Heavily from both shoulders, and his face
Suffused with shame.

" Will you not even own
Your little brother from Idalia ? come,
Let us be friends." Then, turning to the judge,
" Did he not send for me ? "

To this appeal

Before Silenus could reply, before
He could, as now he tried, unite their hands,
“Yes,” interrupted the ferocious one,
“I did, that you may now learn who I am.”
Silenus smiled, and beckoning, fondly said
“Hither now ! kiss each other ; I may then
Say which is best : each shall have due reward,
And friend from friend.”

At this the lesser leapt
And threw his arms about his brother's neck
Turn'd scornfully away, yet many a kiss
He gave it ; one, one only, was return'd ;
For even the brother could not now resist,
Whether such godlike influence must prevail
Or whether of repulsing it ashamed ;
Stil neither would he his intent forego
Nor moderate his claim, nor cease to boast
How Chaos he subdued with radiant fire,
How from the sky its darkness he dispel'd,
And how the struggling planets he coerced,
Telling them to what distance they might go,
And chain'd the raging Ocean down with rocks.

“Is not all this enough for you ?” replied
The gentler, “envy you my narrow realm ?
Denying me my right you raise my plumes,
You make me boast that on my birth there broke
Throughout the heavens above and earth below
A golden light. I do not recollect
What Chaos was, it was before my time ;
Where flew the stars about I neither know
Nor care ; but her who governs them I drew
Behind the Latmian cliffs, entreating me,

And promising me everything, to grant
Her first and last desire : tho you reside
In heaven with her, and tho she knows your fame,
She knows no love but what is scorn'd by you.
What are sea-shores to me ? I penetrate
The inmost halls of Nereus ; I command . .
Up spring the dolphins, and their purple backs
I smoothe for timorous harper to bestride :
At losing him, on the dry sands they pine.
Desert you anyone, he heeds it not,
But let me leave him and funereal flames
Burst from his bosom. Your last guest from earth,
When I was angry with him, threw aside
The spindle, broke the thread, and lay before
The gate as any worthless herb might lie,
And gamesome whelps lept over that broad breast.
About the Gods above I would not say
A word to vex you : whether rolls the orb
We stand upon I know not, or who trims
The fires ethereal, or who rules the tides.
If these I yield to you, to me concede
Free laughter and sly kiss ; fresh flowers give
me,
And songs the lyre delights in, give the lull
Of reeds among the willows upon banks
Where hollow moss invites and then betrays.
Let me be happy ; some have call'd me strong ;
Whether I am so, let recorded facts
Declare, in every land perform'd by me
Under the rising and the setting sun,
Too numerous for a memory weak as mine."
"Scarce more so than your promises" exclaim'd

The taunter.

Smiling, blushing too, the child
Acknowledged his forgetfulness . . at times . .
But added,

“Do not make me boast again.

If you pretend contempt for earthly cares
And stand apart from nuptial scenes, and make
No promises that leave so many blest,
But turn aside your face and gaze upon
The dismal depths, and Styx alone adjure,
Pray tell me who made Pluto, by the pool
Of that same Styx and panting Phlegethon
Pant also, while the dog with his three throats
Growl'd and roar'd out? who taught the unwilling
bride

To bear him? it was I, it was my sport.
In his dominions better deeds were mine.
Following this torch and guided by this hand
You might have heard amid the silent shades
The water, drop by drop, fall from the urn
Of the condemn'd; the wheel you might have heard
Creak, with no human groans from it; thro me
Laodameia met again the youth
She died for, and Eurydice met her's.”

The generous Judge embraced the generous God,
Then tranquilly bespake the other thus.

“O worthy child of thy grave sire! to thee
I give the stars in keeping, with his leave,
And storms and seas and rocks that hold them in
With Neptune's, asking Amphitrite's too.
Thou, lesser of the winged ones! the source
Of genial smiles, who makest every sun

Roll brighter, and ten thousand fall far short
Of one such night as thou alone canst give ;
Who holdest back the willing Hours at play,
And makest them run weariless aside
Thy quickest car ! be thou with this content.
To thee do I assign thy modest claim.
Write it in thy own words . . The linkèd hands,
And every flower that Spring most gladly wears,
And every song the quivering lyre of youth
Delights in ; and the whispers of the reeds
Under the willows ; and the mossy tuft
Dimpling but to betray : should anywhere
Be sweeter whispers, be they also thine
Do thou but” . . then he blusht and lowered his
head
Against the boy's . . “touch gently with thy dart,
So that no mortal see . . Ianthe's breast.”

THE HAMADRYAD.

RHAICOS was born amid the hills wherefrom
Gnidos the light of Caria is discern'd,
And small are the white-crested that play near,
And smaller onward are the purple waves.
Thence festal choirs were visible, all crown'd
With rose and myrtle if they were inborn ;
If from Pandion sprang they, on the coast
Where stern Athenè raised her citadel,
Then olive was intertwined with violets
Cluster'd in bosses, regular and large.
For various men wore various coronals ;
But one was their devotion : 'twas to her
Whose laws all follow, her whose smile withdraws
The sword from Ares, thunderbolt from Zeus,
And whom in his chill caves the mutable
Of mind, Poseidon, the sea-king, reveres,
And whom his brother, stubborn Dis, hath pray'd
To turn in pity the averted cheek
Of her he bore away, with promises,
Nay, with loud oath before dread Styx itself,
To give her daily more and sweeter flowers
Than he made drop from her on Enna's dell.

Rhaicos was looking from his father's door
At the long trains that hastened to the town
From all the valleys, like bright rivulets
Gurgling with gladness, wave outrunning wave,
And thought it hard he might not also go
And offer up one prayer, and press one hand,
He knew not whose. The father call'd him in,
And said, " Son Rhaicos ! those are idle games ;

Long enough I have lived to find them so.”
And ere he ended, sighed ; as old men do
Always, to think how idle such games are.
“I have not yet,” thought Rhaicos in his heart,
And wanted proof.

“Suppose thou go and help
Echeion at the hill, to bark yon oak
And lop its branches off, before we delve
About the trunk and ply the root with axe :
This we may do in winter.”

Rhaicos went ;
For thence he could see farther, and see more
Of those who hurried to the city-gate.
Echeion he found there, with naked arm
Swart-hair'd, strong-sinew'd, and his eyes intent
Upon the place where first the axe should fall :
He held it upright. “There are bees about,
Or wasps, or hornets,” said the cautious eld,
“Look sharp, O son of Thallinos !” The youth
Inclined his ear, afar, and warily,
And cavern'd in his hand. He heard a buzz
At first, and then the sound grew soft and clear,
And then divided into what seem'd tune,
And there were words upon it, plaintive words.
He turn'd, and said, “Echeion ! do not strike
That tree : it must be hollow ; for some God
Speaks from within. Come thyself near.” Again
Both turn'd toward it : and behold ! there sat
Upon the moss below, with her two palms
Pressing it on each side, a maid in form.
Downcast were her long eyelashes, and pale
Her cheek, but never mountain-ash display'd

Berries of colour like her lip so pure,
Nor were the anemones about her hair
Soft, smooth, and wavering, like the face beneath.

“What dost thou here?” Echeion, half-afraid,
Half-angry, cried. She lifted up her eyes,
But nothing spake she. Rhaicos drew one step
Backward, for fear came likewise over him,
But not such fear: he panted, gaspt, drew in
His breath, and would have turn’d it into words,
But could not into one.

“O send away
That sad old man!” said she. The old man went
Without a warning from his master’s son,
Glad to escape, for sorely he now fear’d,
And the axe shone behind him in their eyes.

HAMADRYAD.

And wouldst thou too shed the most innocent
Of blood? no vow demands it; no God wills
The oak to bleed.

RHAICOS.

Who art thou? whence? why here?
And whither wouldst thou go? Among the robed
In white or saffron, or the hue that most
Resembles dawn or the clear sky, is none
Array’d as thou art. What so beautiful
As that gray robe which clings about thee close,
Like moss to stones adhering, leaves to trees,
Yet lets thy bosom rise and fall in turn,
As, toucht by zephyrs, fall and rise the boughs
Of graceful platan by the river-side.

HAMADRYAD.

Lovest thou well thy father's house ?

RHAICOS.

Indeed

I love it, well I love it, yet would leave
For thine, where'er it be, my father's house,
With all the marks upon the door, that show
My growth at every birth-day since the third,
And all the charms, o'erpowering evil eyes,
My mother nail'd for me against my bed,
And the Cydonian bow (which thou shalt see)
Won in my race last spring from Eutychos.

HAMADRYAD.

Bethink thee what it is to leave a home
Thou never yet hast left, one night, one day.

RHAICOS.

No, 'tis not hard to leave it ; 'tis not hard
To leave, O maiden, that paternal home,
If there be one on earth whom we may love
First, last, for ever ; one who says that she
Will love for ever too. To say which word,
Only to say it, surely is enough . .
It shows such kindness . . if 'twere possible
We at the moment think she would indeed.

HAMADRYAD.

Who taught thee all this folly at thy age ?

RHAICOS.

I have seen lovers and have learnt to love.

HAMADRYAD.

But wilt thou spare the tree ?

RHAICOS.

My father wants
The bark ; the tree may hold its place awhile.

HAMADRYAD.

Awhile ! thy father numbers then my days ?

RHAICOS.

Are there no others where the moss beneath
Is quite as tufty ? Who would send thee forth
Or ask thee why thou tarriest ? Is thy flock
Anywhere near ?

HAMADRYAD.

I have no flock : I kill
Nothing that breathes, that stirs, that feels the air,
The sun, the dew. Why should the beautiful
(And thou art beautiful) disturb the source
Whence springs all beauty ? Hast thou never heard
Of Hamadryads ?

RHAICOS.

Heard of them I have :
Tell me some tale about them. May I sit
Beside thy feet ? Art thou not tired ? The herbs

Are very soft ; I will not come too nigh ;
 Do but sit there, nor tremble so, nor doubt.
 Stay, stay an instant : let me first explore
 If any acorn of last year be left
 Within it ; thy thin robe too ill protects
 Thy dainty limbs against the harm one small
 Acorn may do. Here's none. Another day
 Trust me ; til then let me sit opposite.

HAMADRYAD.

I seat me ; be thou seated, and content.

RHAICOS.

O sight for gods ! Ye men below ! adore
 The Aphroditè. *Is* she there below ?
 Or sits she here before me ? as she sate
 Before the shepherd on those highths that shade
 The Hellespent, and brought his kindred woe.

HAMADRYAD.

Reverence the higher Powers ; nor deem amiss
 Of her who pleads to thee, and would repay . .
 Ask not how much . . but very much. Rise not :
 No, Rhaicos, no ! Without the nuptial vow
 Love is unholy. Swear to me that none
 Of mortal maids shall ever taste thy kiss,
 Then take thou mine ; then take it, not before.

RHAICOS.

Hearken, all gods above ! O Aphroditè !
 O Herè ! let my vow be ratified !
 But wilt thou come into my father's house ?

HAMADRYAD.

Nay : and of mine I can not give thee part.

RHAICOS.

Where is it ?

HAMADRYAD.

In this oak.

RHAICOS.

Ay ; now begins
The tale of Hamadryad : tell it through.

HAMADRYAD.

Pray of thy father never to cut down
My tree ; and promise him, as well thou mayst,
That every year he shall receive from me
More honey than will buy him nine fat sheep,
More wax than he will burn to all the gods.
Why fallest thou upon thy face ? Some thorn
May scratch it, rash young man ! Rise up ; for
shame !

RHAICOS.

For shame I can not rise. O pity me !
I dare not sue for love . . but do not hate !
Let me once more behold thee . . not once more,
But many days : let me love on . . unloved !
I aimed too high : on my own head the bolt
Falls back, and pierces to the very brain.

HAMADRYAD.

Go . . rather go, than make me say I love.

RHAICOS.

If happiness is immortality,
(And whence enjoy it else the gods above ?)
I am immortal too : my vow is heard :
Hark ! on the left . . Nay, turn not from me now,
I claim my kiss.

HAMADRYAD.

Do men take first, then claim ?
Do thus the seasons run their course with them ?

. . Her lips were seal'd, her head sank on his breast.
Tis said that laughs were heard within the wood :
But who should hear them ? . . and whose laughs ?
and why ?

Savoury was the smell, and long past noon,
Thallinos ! in thy house ; for marjoram,
Basil and mint, and thyme and rosemary,
Were sprinkled on the kid's well roasted length,
Awaiting Rhaicos. Home he came at last,
Not hungry, but pretending hunger keen,
With head and eyes just o'er the maple plate.
"Thou seest but badly, coming from the sun,
Boy Rhaicos !" said the father. "That oak's bark
Must have been tough, with little sap between ;
It ought to run ; but it and I are old."
Rhaicos, although each morsel of the bread
Increast by chewing, and the meat grew cold
And tasteless to his palate, took a draught

Of gold-bright wine, which, thirsty as he was,
He thought not of until his father fill'd
The cup, averring water was amiss,
But wine had been at all times pour'd on kid,
It was religion.

He thus fortified
Said, not quite boldly, and not quite abasht,
“Father, that oak is Zeusis’ own ; that oak
Year after year will bring thee wealth from wax
And honey. There is one who fears the gods
And the gods love . . that one”
(He blusht, nor said
What one)

“Hath promist this, and may do more.
We have not many moons to wait until
The bees have done their best : if then there come
Nor wax nor honey, let the tree be hewn.”

“Zeus hath bestow’d on thee a prudent mind,”
Said the glad sire : “but look thou often there,
And gather all the honey thou canst find
In every crevice, over and above
What hath been promist ; would they reckon that ?”

Rhaicos went daily ; but the nymph as oft
Invisible. To play at love, she knew,
Stopping its breathings when it breathes most soft,
Is sweeter than to play on any pipe.
She play’d on his : she fed upon his sighs ;
They pleas’d her when they gently waved her hair,
Cooling the pulses of her purple veins,
And when her absence brought them out they pleas’d.
Even among the fondest of them all,
What mortal or immortal maid is more

Content with giving happiness than pain ?
One day he was returning from the wood
Despondently. She pitied him, and said
"Come back!" and twined her fingers in the hem
Above his shoulder. Then she led his steps
To a cool rill that ran o'er level sand
Through lentisk and through oleander, there
Bathed she his feet, lifting them on her lap
When bathed, and drying them in both her hands.
He dared complain ; for those who most are loved
Most dare it ; but not harsh was his complaint.
"O thou inconstant!" said he, "if stern law
Bind thee, or will, stronger than sternest law,
O, let me know henceforward when to hope
The fruit of love that grows for me but here."
He spake ; and pluckt it from its pliant stem.
"Impatient Rhaicos! why thus intercept
The answer I would give? There is a bee
Whom I have fed, a bee who knows my thoughts
And executes my wishes : I will send
That messenger. If ever thou art false,
Drawn by another, own it not, but drive
My bee away : then shall I know my fate,
And, . . for thou must be wretched, . . weep at thine.
But often as my heart persuades to lay
Its cares on thine and throb itself to rest,
Expect her with thee, whether it be morn,
Or eve, at any time when woods are safe."

Day after day the Hours beheld them blest,
And season after season : years had past,
Blest were they still. He who asserts that Love

Ever is sated of sweet things, the same
Sweet things he fretted for in earlier days,
Never, by Zeus ! loved he a Hamadryad.

The nights had now grown longer, and perhaps
The Hamadryads find them lone and dull
Among their woods ; one did, alas ! She called
Her faithful bee : 'twas when all bees should sleep,
And all did sleep but hers. She was sent forth
To bring that light which never wintry blast
Blows out, nor rain nor snow extinguishes,
The light that shines from loving eyes upon
Eyes that love back, till they can see no more.

Rhaicos was sitting at his father's hearth :
Between them stood the table, not o'erspread.
With fruits which autumn now profusely bore,
Nor anise cakes, nor odorous wine ; but there
The draft-board was expanded ; at which game
Triumphant sat old Thallinos ; the son
Was puzzled, vext, discomfited, distraught.
A buzz was at his ear : up went his hand,
And it was heard no longer. The poor bee
Return'd (but not until the morn shone bright)
And found the Hamadryad with her head
Upon her aching wrist, and showed one wing
Half-broken off, the other's meshes marr'd,
And there were bruises which no eye could see
Saving a Hamadryad's.

At this sight
Down fell the languid brow, both hands fell down,
A shriek was carried to the ancient hall
Of Thallinos : he heard it not : his son

Heard it, and ran forthwith into the wood.
No bark was on the tree, no leaf was green,
The trunk was riven through. From that day forth
Nor word nor whisper sooth'd his ear, nor sound
Even of insect wing : but loud laments
The woodmen and the shepherds one long year
Heard day and night ; for Rhaicos would not quit
The solitary place, but moan'd and died.

Hence milk and honey wonder not, O guest,
To find set duly on the hollow stone.

DRYOPE.

CETA was glorious ; proud of ancestry
There Dryops reign'd : Spercheios was his sire,
His mother Polydora ; but above
All ancestry went forth his daughter's fame,
Dryope, loved by him whose radiant car
Surmounts the heavens. With light he irrigates
The earth beneath, to all things gives their hue,
Motion, and graceful form, and harmony :
But now the tresses of his golden hair
Wills he to fall and his warm breath to breathe
On Dryope alone ; her he pursues
Among the willow of pubescent flower
And fragrant bark stript off the tender twigs,
Moist, split, and ready for the basket-braid.
He followed her along the river-bank,
Along the shallow where the Nereids meet
The Dryads.

She was tending once her flock
In a deep valley, when there suddenly
Burst forth the sound of horn and pipe, and clash
Of cymbal rattling from uplifted palms ;
Dryad and Hamadryad, wild with joy,
Ran on before, ran on behind ; one stopt
And cried to her, ere past . .

“ Art thou alone
Forgetful of the day, our festival ?
Is Dryops greater than Admetos, king
But shepherd too : Apollo watcht his flock,
Apollo scared the stealing wolves away,
And even Apollo now is scared from thine !

Thus daughters place their seat above their sire's."

Dryope laught, no little proud, at taunt
Like this.

And now the revels were begun,
And circling dance succeeded ; and the day
Closed with the chorus of the pæan hymn.
Weary with dancing Dryope reclined
On the soft herbage : lo ! before her feet
Shone forth a lyre amidst it ; whose that lyre
Each askt, and none replied, for surely each
Had hers : was it Antonoë's ? was it like
Theano's ? Whose-soever it might be
She took it, and with twinkling finger ran
Over the chords : and now at one she glanced
Now at another, with a nod that said
She knew their mischief, and to punish them
She thrust it in her bosom. Ha ! behold !
A snake glides out. All shriek aloud, all throw
Their bodies back and spring up all at once.
Antonoë dasht upon her fragil reed
Her tender hand in rising, but scarce felt
The wound until she saw one ruddy globe
Enlarging, then she shuddered, then she suckt
The whole away, and but two rims appear'd.
Faster the others ran, they knew not where,
Thro' every field about : the choral shell
Around whose loosen'd strings the snake had coil'd
Was now all snake. He rusht on Dryope,
So slow in due performance of the rites,
Rites which the fathers for their God ordain'd.
Then spake Antonoë to the only Nymph
Remaining nigh, stil fleeing both away,

Both looking back ; for pity rose o'er fear.
 "See ! see ! the wicked serpent ! how he licks
 Her eyes and bosom ! how he bends her down
 When she would rise and run away ! where now
 Can be Apollo, proud of Python slain ?
 Scorn'd by one inexperienced, feard by one
 Silly, he seems to think that Fear can win
 Where Love was driven off.

Help, Phœbus, help !

How swells the creature's neck ! how fierce his crest !
 A cloud hides all below. The dragon race
 Is various : now they shake their scales on earth,
 Now shine their feathers in the sky ; now flame
 In cars athwart ; now their hard bodies melt
 In the thin air nor leave a trace behind."

Deep in a woody dell beneath a cliff,
 Scarce daring yet to lift her eyes above
 The lowest bush, Callianeira held
 Diaula, dubious to run on or stay,
 And argued with her thus.

" Since now the grass

In the warm spring lies closer and grows higher,
 And many things may at first sight decieve,
 Might it not be a lizard she caught up
 Into her bosom ? What is pleasanter
 Than in hot days to hold a lizard there
 Panting, and gently with a finger's tip
 Provoke its harmless bite ? The species seems
 Rare, it is true. Behold how sisterly
 Dryope treats it."

" Lizard ! no indeed ! "

Replied the maiden with wide-open eyes,

“No lizard can be seen a whole field off,
Nor so spring up as that bold animal.”
Neither Diaula nor her arguer dared
Procede : Callianeira went alone
Toward Dryope midway.

Again, whate’er

It was erewhile, the form is changed ; no more
A serpent, nor indeed a lizard now,
Nor chelys, is that orb by purple veil’d
One moment and then alter’d into white ;
As violets under hailstones when the wind
Blows hurriedly and fitfully above.
Then partly mused and partly uttered some.
“That hair is surely hers : another Nymph
Not of our company, and practised more
In quelling serpents, may have intervened,
Or witch in gleeful mischief played her pranks.
What hand is under her ? what hair like hers
Is waving over ?”

Delius now appear’d

Himself among them, and with radiant nod
And arm outstretcht recall’d the fugitives,
Drawing his purple vest more closely round.
They came with downcast eyes, remembering well
Their terror when he lent his lofty car
To that ambitious son, and how the lakes
Shrank under him, and how the rivers paus’d
In silence, and how Po himself, although
From heaven descended, was enwrappt in flames ;
Remembering too the clangor of his bow
Bent against Python, when Diana’s self
Trembled at her deliverer : well they knew

The power, for good or evil, of the God,
And kept the fearful secret in their breasts.

Soon they recovered ; soon they pitied her
The victim of such cruelty : the words
Of pity Dryope well understood,
Replying not. They lookt into her eyes
A little languid ; on her neck they lookt
A little moist ; they own'd her pouting lip
Was worthy of the God.

Each sily askt
Some little question ; she could only blush.
Slowly, nor staying to reprove, she went
Amid their giggles to her father's house.
They, growing bolder, might mayhap have told
The tale to others, but had gazed too near
For bashful Nymphs ; beside, Diana's wrath
They dreaded if her brother they betraid.

Dryope, now Andræmon's happy spouse
And mother of Amphissos, every spring
Is celebrated thro' the groves and vales
Of Cæta, where the pæan had been sung.

CORESUS AND CALLIRHOË.

WITH song and dance the maids of Calydon
Had met to celebrate the yearly rites
Of Bacchus. Where two taller whirl around
The rope, and call another to run in,
A wanton one pusht forward her who stood
Aside her ; when she stumbled they all laught
To see her upright heels and scattered hair.
'Twas then, Callirhoë, that thy mother fail'd
Even with prayer to bring thee back again
Before the altar : it is said a tear
Roll'd down thy cheek from shame, and not without
A blush of anger . . who on earth can vouch
For this ? since both thy hands hid both thy cheeks.

Rising from his high seat the youthful priest
Came forward, pitying her : of graceful mien
Coresus was, and worthy of his God.
Ah poor Coresus ! luckless was the hour
Of his first meeting her ; there might have been
Hour more propitious ; she perhaps had loved
Distractedly the youth she now abhor'd ;
He too, unless her blushes and her tears
Had penetrated deep his generous heart,
Might have loved on and sung his woes away.
Now neither butting goat nor honeyed must
Pourd by the straining boys between his horns
Regarded he ; no, nor with wonted cheer
Appeard to him the God of gamesome glee.
Not even when Hesper call'd his winking train
Around him, and when shook the lower shrubs
More than the breeze had shaken them erewhile,

Would he decline his aking eyes to sleep ;
But out of the inclosure, where the grass
Was rank with fallen leaves and heavy dew,
Lonely he stood beneath an ilex shade,
And meditated long and soon forgot
The words he had to say : he could recall
(He thought) her features, but before him rose
A face less beautiful, not less severe.
Many the days he sought the maid in vain,
Many the nights he stood before the house ;
She waits not even to be seen ; no foot
Passes her door, and the dog barks, but strait
Up springs she from her chair ; she surely hears
And knows his tread ; what other can it be ?
When she would break a thread off with her teeth
She stops, and holds it in a trembling hand
Suspended, just above the humid lip
White now with fear ; and often her loose locks
She dashes back to place a surer ear
Against the hinge : is any footfall heard
Passing the portico, he steps that way ;
If soft the sound, he stands there, none but he :
If none, he certainly is close behind.

The reed grows harder from perpetual winds,
From fears perpetual harder grows the maid.
At first Callirhoë scarcely would confess
To her own mother, scarcely to herself ;
Now she is ready, now she is resolved
With savage speech his fondness to repay,
Words she would gather for his punishment,
And is more angry when she finds not one ;
An aggravation of his past offence.

Flexible is the coral branch beneath
The Erythræan sea ; to air exposed
It stiffens, no strong hand can bend it back :
Such was her nature : she had laid aside
Her former manners ; its ingenuous shame
Quitted that cheek it lately discomposed ;
Crouds she avoided not, nor greatly cared
If others knew what she but yesterday
Was vexed at knowing : she rejoiced to hear
A name she loath'd so late. Vainglory caught
And made a plaything of an empty heart.
When she hears footsteps from behind, she checks
Her own, to let him either stop or pass ;
She would not wish his love nor him away,
Conscious that she is walking over fire
Unwounded, on a level with the Gods,
And rendering null the noblest gifts they gave.

Where grows a dittany that heals the smart
Love's broken arrow leaves within the breast ?
He loves not who such anguish can endure,
He who can burst asunder such a bond
Loves not.

Hard-breathing from his inmost soul
Catillus siez'd her hand, then threw it back
And pour'd forth with stern look these bitter words.
"No longer ask I pity on my grief,
Callirhoë ! tis unworthy of us both,
But there is one who knows it, one above,
And will avenge it. Thou hast seen the last
Of all the tears these eyes will ever shed ;
This grieves me, and this only . . Pestilence
Now stalks in darkness on from street to street,

And slow steps follow : wasted, worn away,
The aged are gone forth to learn the will
Of those we worship ; and their late return,
Lookt for since dawn from all the higher roofs,
In vain is lookt for. Thro the city lie
Children whom dying parents would embrace,
Innocent children ! they have not been spared,
And shall the guilty before heaven escape ?

I was contemn'd, and I deserv'd contempt,
I loved imprudently ; yet throughout life
Those arts I cherisht which lead youth aright,
And strengthen manhood and adorn old-age.
Old-age ! for me there will be none : my brow
Hath worn its crown . . for what ? that festal songs
May rise around the altar, sung by thee.
Worthy I was to woo, and woo I did ;
I am unworthy now, and now abstain,
Subjected to the levity of all,
Even my own friends : and yet might I have stood
Above those equal-aged, whether the prize
Were olive, given by heroes, whether bay
Which only Gods, and they on few, bestow,
Or whether, O Callirhoë ! in thy love.

Let kings throw largesses around, let earth
And ocean be explored that vulgar eyes
May gaze at vulgar heads rais'd somewhat higher,
The Gods alone give genius, they alone
Give beauty . . why so seldom to unite !
She shines her hour, and then the worshiper
Rises and goes. Genius stands cold, apart,
Like Saturn in the skies ; his aspect seems,
To mortal men below, oblique, malign . . .”

While he was speaking and about to pause,
 Downcast, with silent and slow step approacht
 They who went forth to touch with purest hands
 The altar, and appease the offended Powers.
 The virgin saw them coming ; soon she heard
 A croud's tumultuous outcries and turned pale ;
 But paler was Coresus who presaged
 The impending evil ; paler when he heard
 Curses and (painfuller) immodest speech.
 He hastened to withdraw her ; but aloud
 Palæmon cried,

“ Stay here ! stay here thou too
 O wretched girl ! and take the words I bring,
 The God's own words : no longer shall the throng
 Around thee rise infuriate, nor shall maids
 And matrons turn on thee their dying look
 Or call the torch funereal by thy name.”

Impatient and exultant sprang the youth ;
 Wildly he threw his arms around her neck,
 Then, falling on his knees,

“ Hail thou ” he cried,
 “ Who fillest with thy deity the grove
 Of high Dodona, and with brow serene
 Hast clear'd the troubled sky !

She lives ! she lives !
 The source of sorrow to none else than me :
 Neither my dreams nor Bacchus promist this.”
 Palæmon, after solemn silence, spake :

“ Alas ! how sadly do young hopes decieve !
 The sight of future things was granted thee
 In vain : Love lowers his saffron veil, runs off,
 And thro the dimness thou seest only Love.

Forward, ye youths ! since Jupiter ordains,
And since the son of Semele hath deign'd
To honor and avenge his chosen priest,
Lead the peace-offering, the pure victim, forth . .
Lead forth Callirhoë."

Thro the maiden's veins
The blood crept cold : she staggered, fell . . upheav'd
And drag'd away by some strong arm, she reacht
The temple : consciousness (not soon) return'd
Thro the loud trappings, on the marble floor,
Of those who carried incense fresh-alight,
And the salt sprinklings from the frigid font.

"Take" said Palæmon, trembling as he spake,
"Take thou this sword, Coresus ! 'tis thy part.
Often hast thou the avenging Gods invoked,
And wouldst thou cast aside the vows they grant ?
Impious ! impossible ! no grace is this
To thee, but sign to all that in his priest
Wrong'd and offended is the God he serves,
Warning to all that vows be wisely vow'd.
But if among this concourse there stand one
Who pities so the victim, that for hers
He yields his life, then shall the pestilence,
Under Jove's saving son, our Bacchus, cease."

With his veind hand a tear the youth swept off :
Less mournfully than scornfully said he,

"Listen ! how swift, how still, their steps retreat !
Now then, Callirhoë ! now my breast is firm ;
None stand before me : in a father's place
And in a lover's I will here discharge
No empty duty."

Cries and groans are heard,

And seen upon the pavement where he stood
His writhing limbs.

With sudden terror flies
The croud bewildered, dreading lest a blood
So sacred should run on and reach their feet.
The temple and the grove around it moan,
And other murmurs, other cries, than rose
So lately, fill the city and the plain.

First flies the rumor that the priest had fallen
By his own hand ; it gathered force, and soon
That both were smitten by the wrathful Gods.
From its own weight is that vast multitude
Pusht onward, driven back, conglomerated,
Broken, disperst, like waves on stormy seas.

CATILLUS AND SALIA.

AGAINST the lintel of Voltumna's fane,
Which from the Cyminus surveys the lake
And grove of ancient oaks, Coresus left
His spear ; his steed stood panting, and afraid
Sometimes of sight obscure, sometimes of sound
Strange to him, of wild beast or falling bark
Blackened by fire, and even of witherd leaves
Whirld by the wind above his bridle-bit.

" Voltumna," cried the youth, " do not reject
My vow to Salia ; she despiseth not,
Nor doth her father, love so pure as mine ;
But there are oracles which both believe
Are obstacles against the nuptial torch.
Goddess ! thou knowest what the Powers above
Threaten, for from thy fane the threats procede,
Thine be it all such sorrow to dispell !
Amphiaräus could, not long ago,
Have taught me what impended ; with him went
His art, alas ! he with his car of fire
Sunk near Ismenos.

Ancient bards have sung
That the king's house and king himself must fall,
And that his daughter, when she weds, will bring
Destruction on them both. Her braver heart
Sees thro the oracles, at first obscure,
Nor fears to love me ; should not I abide
The fate of arms, whatever it may be ?
I would not they should part us ; I would now
And ever be with her, altho the Gods
So will that we must pass the Stygian pool

Or, what is worse, roam thro the stranger's land.
O Salia! be thou mine a single day,
Another's never, nor a banisht man's."
A hollow murmur moves the forest heads,
The temple gloams, and from the inner shrine
A voice is heard, "Unhappy daughter! sprung
Of parent more unhappy, thus forewarnd
Of coming woe." The voices ceast . . the groves
Afar resounded when the portal closed.
Silence more awful followed, thro the sky
And lofty wood and solitary fane;
If any bird winged over, in that bird
He saw not whence might come an augury
To solace his torn heart; among dense shade
Some there might be; but over all the lake
He heard no sound, no swan was visible,
For shining afar off they floated high,
Or smooth'd their wings upon the swelling wave.

Now he thro shady fields of trelliced vine
Waving o'er-head, and thin-leaved olives hied.
Twas evening; on the earth he threw himself,
Hoping some dream might waft away his dread.
Sharp was the radiance of the stars above,
And all the sky seemd moving in a course
It never yet had moved in; what he heard
Beneath the roof of Anius, and within
The temple of Voltumna, now returnd,
And what seemd there so difficult, he felt
Plain to expound and easy to achieve.

The daughter and the father he resolves
To save forthwith; he snatches up the rein,
Leaps on his charger, and ere breaks the dawn

Reaches the city-gate : few sentries stood
Before or near it, long enjoying peace.
Well might the troop have known their youthful
friend,

Broad-chested, of high brow, of lustrous eye,
Familiar speech, large heart and liberal hand,
And prompt on horse or foot with Argive spear.
Fast went he to the mansion of the king.
Beneath the gateway Periphas he meets,
Seizes his hand, " I haste to Salia,"
Cries he, " Voltumna threatens mortal woe,
Woe which her father never can avert.
Piety may be blind, love open-eyed
Is ever on the watch : I bring with me
The Goddesses own words, words now confirmed
By surest omens, even by my dreams."

Unhappy Salia had already past.
She early every morning sacrificed
To Dian in the little fane anear
The city-gate : the hero's threatening steed
Neighd, and the palace-archway sounded loud
From frequent tramps of his impatient hoof.
It was the hour when each expiring lamp
Crackled beneath, now showing, hiding now,
The chain it hung by ; when the hind prepared
To throw upon the slowly rising ox
His wooden collar, slow himself, morose
With broken sleep ; along the lower sky
Reddened a long thin line of light that showd
But indistinctly the divided fields.
Catillus meets his Salia, " Fly," cries he,
" Fly while tis possible ; the Gods have given

Sure omens ; now distrust them never more.”
He lifts her, ere she answers, on the steed,
Leaps on it after, spurs with rapid heel
The flank, and off they fly. “Now tremble not,
My Salia, there was room and time for fear
When flight was difficult and hope unsure.
Dian, to bless thy pious vow, had given
What now Voltumna gives ; fallacious dream
Came never from her fane. Feel, Salia, feel
How quiet, without snort and without shy,
Moves under us the generous beast we ride !
Is then my arm too tight around thy waist ?
I will relax this bondage . . and stil sigh !
Weary thou must be ; we will here dismount
And leave behind us the brave beast to rest
Under the roof-tree of that cottage near,
We will reward him for his oaten bread,
And for the skiff he idly lies along.”

Large was the recompence ; the pair imbarkt ;
The hind stood wondering, “*Are they then some
Gods ?*”

Muttered he to himself.

The little sail
Catillus hoisted, hoisted leisurely,
That he might turn it whatsoever breeze
Haply should rise, but more that he might sit
On the same thwart, and near enough to screen
The face of Salia from the level sun,
And any gazers from the banks they pass.
Catillus listened ; and whatever voice
Came to his ear, he shuddered at, but most
Dreaded lest Fescennine loose song reach hers.

Cautious he was of meeting the approach
Of the Volsinians; he would then avoid
The flowery fields that Farfar's rills refresh,
And those too where, when Sirius flames above,
Himella guides her little stream away.
Therefor he wisely wore a coarse attire,
Unrecognized, and seem'd a stranger hind
Returning to his kin at even-tide.
His crest and spear beneath dense rushes lay.
Long was the way by land, by water long,
Nor would he, if he could, say what remaind
To travel yet. "Thou seest with how mild light
Hesper advances, oscillating now
Alone upon the water; look up; how befriends us
The pale and tender sky; earth, water, heaven,
Conspire to help us." Sleepless, nor inclined
To slumber, both form dreams: supreme the bliss
Soon to be theirs, if but one touch inflames
Each thrilling fiber with such high delight.

Never be wise, ye youths; be credulous;
Happiness rests upon credulity.
Why should I, were it possible, relate
In what discourses hour succeeded hour,
How calm the woods, how rich the cultured fields,
Or in how many places they could spend
Their lives most willingly, or why recount
The girlish fears when any sudden swell
A hands-breadth high rose up against the skiff,
Or lower bough and slender toucht her cheek?
Catillus too was not without his fears;
Whether some silent woman crept along
The river side, expecting the return

Of tardy husband, or burst suddenly
The light from cottage near, or fisherman
Crownd the black corks along his net with flames.
All night their watery way do they pursue.
At dawn Catillus willingly was borne
On where the stream grew lighter ; to the right
He left those seven hills, of name unknown,
Where dwelt Evander : upon one had stood
A fortress built by Saturn, opposite
Had Janus rais'd one ; both were now decayed ;
Catillus wondered how such mighty piles
Could ever perish. He had soon arrived
Upon the borders of his native home.
He took the maiden's hand ; he prest her chin,
Raising it up to cheer her, and he said,
"Tis lawful now to visit those abrupt
And shattered rocks, that headlong stream, that cave
Resounding with the voices of the Nymphs :
Here is thy domicile, thy country here,
And here the last of all thy cares shall rest.
Preserv'd by thee thy sire, thy faith preserv'd,
Anius will not regret that thou hast shown
Obedience to the Gods, and given to him
A son who will not shame him by the choice.
Think, who will envy us our rural life ?
What savage mortal carry thee away ?
Thy father's kingdom who will dare invade ?
We have our own, let every other rest !
Now peace be with the Sabines.* May thy sire
Enjoy it long, unanxious and secure !

* Plutarc reckons as Sabines the Volsinians. The nations of Italy often changed their boundaries.

Instead of realm for dower, instead of gates
With soldiers for their bars, be thou content
With the deep wood where never Mars was heard
Above the Tiber ere he leaps and foams,
Or doze where under willowy banks obscure
Pareusius gently winds his gleamy wave.
Look ! what a distance we have left behind !
How the fields narrow which we thought so vast !
How the sun reaches down the city-wall
Even to the base, and glows with yellower light.”
Wher at her eyes she raises, but not yet
To his ; the ancient city she surveys
Dimly thro tears, “ Live, O my father ! live,
Be comforted, be happy ! If Voltumna
Commands it, never let thy love for me
Obstruct our pious duties : let me live
Amid the solid darkness of these woods,
Or see nought else than that mysterious lake *
Which other than its own shades wrap in gloom,
Enough for me if thee I leave at rest.”

Catillus heard the pious wish, and said,
“ Behold that rest at last by thee secured !
However might Voltumna have desired
One so devout and duteous to retain,
She bade thee go, for she had heard thy prayer.
Now art thou mine indeed, now lawfully
And safely love and liberty are ours ;
No deities oppose us : here is home.”
He raises up his helm ; it lights the copse
With splendour ; soon the rural youth come down
With oxen reeking from laborious plough,
And war-horse after his long rest from toil.

* Small islands composed of weeds float upon the lake.

Yet, slower with all these auxiliaries
The hours moved on than when the oar at eve
Was thrown upon the thwart, and when the winds
Had their own will.

Catillus would not land
Near bare and open downs ; he knew a path
Safer and pleasanter, where soft and cool
About the hazles rose high grass oer moss.
“ But, Salia ! one step farther . . let us on,
And we shall view from that so short ascent
Our own domains, our Tibur.”

They had reacht
The summit : thence what sees she opposite ?
Only the wavy willows bend their heads
Below her, only higher elms oershade
The darker herbage, and their trailing vines
Which pat and pat again the passant stream.
What sees she then, fastening immovably
Her eyes upon one object ? why so pale ?
Her father ! at first sight of him her limbs
Stiffen to stone.

He from across exclaims,
“ Stay thee, O wretched girl ! whom wouldst thou
fly ? ”

She wrencht her feet from where they stood, and
flew

Faster at every word, but slower seem'd
Her flight to her at every step she took.
Doubtful it was to those upon the walls
Whether she drew the youth along, his spear
Holding as now she did in mortal dread,
Or whether he was guiding, to assure
Her footsteps ; she was foremost of the two

Where the road was not wide enough for both,
He where the incumbent rock was hard to climb.
Indignant Anius watches them mount up,
Watches them enter thro the city-gate
Amid loud trumpets and applause as loud.
He raged not, waild not, but both hands comprest
His burning brow. How bitter must be grief
That such sweet scenes one moment fail to lull !
Fixt stood he just above the cave profound
Whence flows Pareusius, but the torrent's roar
He heard not ; saw not the white dust of spray
Return above it over mead and wood,
Wherein are many birds that raise the throat,
Pouring a song inaudible, and more
That fly the eternal thunder ; for their nests
Were not built there, nor there their loves inspired.
Others protect their brood with cowering wing
Or flit around to bring them food, unscared.

“The world as ever let Injustice rule,
Let men and Gods look on and little heed,
Let violence overturn the bust, and spill
The treasured ashes, yet above the tomb
Sits holy Grief, and watchful Muse warns off
Oblivion.

Why, O Powers above ! from lands
The fairest on the earth, why should complaint
Rise up from mortal to your blest abode ?
Why from a father's breast, from Anius ?
Who offered ever gifts more cheerfully
Before your altars, or with purer hands ? ”
Anius smote his breast, and gaspt and groand,

“Piety ! where now find it ! She deserts
Her parent, conscious as she can but be

Of ills impending : kind, religious, chaste,
All ever thought her ; so she was to all,
Alas ! that I alone could not deserve
To be, as faithless stranger is, beloved !”
A pause ensued, and then with bitter scorn,

“Now learn I what a daughter’s duty is !
O partner of my sorrows and my joys,
Whose sole contention throughout life was which
Should be the fonder parent of the two,
If Libitina had prolonged thy days
How wouldst thou mourn such contest ! I have since
Assumed thy place : when any little pain
Befell her, light as may be, could I rest ?
Could I away from her bedside ?”

He dasht

The tear from off his burning cheek, and cried
In agony and desperate, “Go then ; sieze
The nuptial torch, and sing endearing song,
As once at home ; let down the saffron veil . .
And be thy child, if child thou have, like thee.
If other rites thou hast omitted all,
If without dower, such dower as king should give
With daughter, if it shames thee not to run
Hither and thither over foren lands,
The fault is mine, thy father’s : that one fault
I now will expiate ; I can yet afford
One victim.” At these words, there where the rocks
Protrude above the channel they burst through,
Headlong he cast himself from crag to crag ;
And then rose reddened the resurgent spray.
The deed is unforgotten, and the stream
Is now calld Anio since that fatal hour.

ENALLOS AND CYMODAMEIA.

A VISION came o'er three young men at once,
A vision of Apollo : each had heard
The same command ; each followed it ; all three
Assembled on one day before the God
In Lycia, where he gave his oracle.
Bright shone the morning ; and the birds that build
Their nests beneath the column-heads of fanes
And eaves of humbler habitations, dropt
From under them and wheel'd athwart the sky,
When, silently and reverently, the youths
Marcht side by side up the long steps that led
Toward the awful God who dwelt within.
Of those three youths fame hath held fast the name
Of one alone ; nor would that name survive
Unless Love had sustain'd it, and blown off
With his impatient breath the mists of time.
“ Ye come,” the God said mildly, “ of one will
To people what is desert in the ile
Of Lemnos : but strong men possess its shores ;
Nor shall you execute the brave emprize
Unless, on the third day from going forth,
To him who rules the waters ye devote
A virgin, cast into the sea alive.”
They heard, and lookt in one another's face,
And then bent piously before the shrine
With prayer and praises and thanksgiving hymn,
And, after a short silence, went away,
Taking each other's hand and swearing truth,
Then to the ship in which they came, return'd.
Two of the youths were joyous, one was sad ;

Sad was Enallos ; yet those two by none
Were loved ; Enallos had already won
Cymodameia, and the torch was near.
By night, by day, in company, alone,
The image of the maiden fill'd his breast
To the heart's brim. Ah ! therefor did that heart
So sink within him.

They have sail'd ; they reach
Their home again. Sires, matrons, maidens, throng
The plashing port, to watch the gather'd sail,
And who springs first and farthest upon shore.
Enallos came the latest from the deck,
Swift ran the rumour what the God had said,
And fearful were the maidens, who before
Had urged the sailing of the youths they loved,
That they might give their hands, and have their
homes,
And nurse their children ; and more thoughts per-
haps
Led up to these, and even ran before.
But they persuaded easily their wooers
To sail without them, and return again
When they had seiz'd the virgin on the way.
Cymodameia dreamt three nights, the three
Before their fresh departure, that her own
Enallos had been cast into the deep,
And she had saved him. She alone embarkt
Of all the maidens, and unseen by all,
And hid herself before the break of day
Among the cloaks and fruits piled high aboard.
But when the noon was come, and the repast
Was call'd for, there they found her ; and they call'd

Enallos : when Enallos lookt upon her.
Forebodings shook him : hopes rais'd *her*, and love
Warm'd the clear cheek while she wiped off the spray.
Kindly were all to her and dutiful ;
And she slept soundly mid the leaves of fig
And vine, and far as far could be apart.
Now the third morn had risen, and the day
Was dark, and gusts of wind and hail and fogs
Perplext them : land they saw not yet, nor knew
Where land was lying. Sudden lightnings blazed,
Thunder-claps rattled round them. The pale crew
Howl'd for the victim. "Seize her, or we sink."

O maid of Pindus ! I would linger here
To lave my eyelids at the nearest rill,
For thou hast made me weep, as oft thou hast,
Where thou and I, apart from living men,
And two or three crags higher, sate and sang.
Ah ! must I, seeing ill my way, proceed ?
And thy voice too, Cymodameia ! thine
Comes back upon me, helpless as thyself
In this extremity. Sad words ! sad words !
"O save me ! save ! Let me not die so young
Loving thee so ! let me not cease to see thee ?"
Thus prayed Cymodameia.

Thus prayed he.

"O God ! who givest light to all the world,
Take not from me what makes that light most
blessed !

Grant me, if 'tis forbidden me to save
This hapless helpless sea-devoted maid,
To share with her (and bring no curses up
From outraged Neptune) her appointed fate !"

They wrung her from his knee; they hurl'd her down
(Clinging in vain at the hard slippery pich)
Into the whitening wave. But her long hair
Scarcely had risen up again before
Another plunge was heard, another form
Clove the strait line of bubbling foam, direct
As ringdove after ringdove. Groans from all
Burst, for the roaring sea ingulph't them both.
Onward the vessel flew; the skies again
Shone bright, and thunder roll'd along, not wroth,
But gently murmuring to the white-wing'd sails.
Lemnos at close of evening was in sight.
The shore was won; the fields markt out; and roofs
Collected the dun wings that seek house-fare;
And presently the ruddy-bosom'd guest
Of winter, knew the doors: then infant cries
Were heard within; and lastly tottering steps
Pattered along the image-stationed hall.
Ay, three full years had come and gone again,
And often, when the flame on windy nights
Suddenly flicker'd from the mountain-ash
Piled high, men pusht almost from under them
The bench on which they talkt about the dead.
Meanwhile beneficent Apollo saw
With his bright eyes into the sea's calm depth,
And there he saw Enallos, there he saw
Cymodameia. Gravely-gladsome light
Environed them with its eternal green,
And many nymphs sate round; one blew aloud
The spiral shell; one drew bright chords across
Shell more expansive; tenderly a third
With cowering lip hung o'er the flute, and stopt

At will its dulcet sob, or waked to joy ;
A fourth took up the lyre and pincht the strings,
Invisible by trembling : many rais'd
Clear voices. Thus they spent their happy hours.
I know them all ; but all with eyes downcast,
Conscious of loving, have entreated me
I would not utter now their names above.
Behold, among these natives of the sea
There stands but one young man : how fair ! how
fond !

Ah ! were he fond to *them* ! It may not be !
Yet did they tend him morn and eve ; by night
They also watcht his slumbers : then they heard
His sighs, nor his alone ; for there were two
To whom the watch was hateful. In despair
Upward he rais'd his arms, and thus he prayed,
“ O Phoebus ! on the higher world alone
Showerest thou all thy blessings ? Great indeed
Hath been thy favour to me, great to her ;
But she pines inly, and calls beautiful
More than herself the Nymphs she sees around,
And asks me ‘ Are they not more beautiful ? ’
Be all more beautiful, be all more blest,
But not with me ! Release her from the sight ;
Restore her to a happier home, and dry
With thy pure beams, above, her bitter tears ! ”

She saw him in the action of his prayer,
Troubled, and ran to soothe him. From the ground,
Ere she had claspt his neck, her feet were borne.
He caught her robe ; and its white radiance rose
Rapidly, all day long, through the green sea.
Enallos loost not from that robe his grasp,

But spann'd one ancle too. The swift ascent
Had stunn'd them into slumber, sweet, serene,
Invigorating her, nor letting loose
The lover's arm below ; albeit at last
It closed those eyes intensely fixt thereon,
And stil as fixt in dreaming. Both were cast
Upon an iland till'd by peaceful men
And few (no port nor road accessible)
Fruitful and green as the abode they left,
And warm with summer, warm with love and song.
'Tis said that some whom most Apollo loves
Have seen that iland, guided by his light ;
And others have gone near it, but a fog
Rose up between them and the lofty rocks ;
Yet they relate they saw it quite as well,
And shepherd-boys and pious hinds believe.

PAN AND PITYS.

CEASE to complain of what the Fates decree,
Whether shall Death have carried off or (worse)
Another, thy heart's treasure : bitter Styx
Hath overflowed the dales of Arcady,
And Cares have risen to the realms above.
By Pan and Boreas was a Dryad wooed,
Pitys her name, her haunt the grove and wild :
Boreas she fled from, upon Pan she gazed
With a sly fondness, yet accusing him
Of fickle mind ; and this was her reproof.

“ Ah why do men, or Gods who ought to see
More clearly, think that bonds will bind for ever !
Often have stormy seas borne safely home
A ship to perish in its port at last ;
Even they themselves, in other things unchanged,
Are mutable in love ; even he who rules
Olympus hath been lighter than his clouds.
Alas ! uncertain is the lover race,
All of it ; worst are they who sing the best,
And thou, Pan, than all.

By what deceit
Beguiledst thou the Goddess of the night ?
O wary shepherd of the snow-white flock !
Ay, thy reeds crackled with thy scorching flames
And burst with sobs and groans . . the snow-white flock
Was safe, the love-sick swain kept a sharp look there.
Wonderest thou such report should reach my ear ?
And widenest thou thine eyes, half-ready now
To swear it all away, and to conceal
The fountain of Selinos. So ! thou knowest

Nothing about that shallow brook, those herbs
It waves in running, nothing of the stones
Smooth as the pavement of a temple-floor,
And how the headstrong leader of the flock
Broke loose from thy left-hand, and in pursuit
How falledst thou, and how thy knee was bound
With ivy lest white hairs betray the gash.
Denyest thou that by thy own accord
Cynthia should share thy flock and take her choice?
Denyest thou damping and sprinkling o'er
With dust, and shutting up within a cave
Far out of sight, the better breed? the worse
Displayed upon the bank below, well washt,
Their puffy fleeces glittering in the sun.
Shame! to defraud with gifts, and such as these!"

Pan, blushing thro both ears as ne'er before,
Cried "Who drag'd back these fables from the past?
Juster and happier hadst thou been to scorn
The false and fugitive. With hoarse uproar
I heard thy Boreas bray his song uncouth,
And oldest goats ran from it in affright.
Thee too, beloved Pitys, then I saw
Averse: couldst ever thou believe his speech,
His, the most bitter foe to me and mine.
From Cynthia never fell such hard rebuke.
Different from thee, she pities them who mourn;
Whether beneath straw roof or lofty tower,
She sits by the bedside and silently
Watches, and soothes the wakeful til they sleep.
I wooed not Cynthia; me she wooed: not all
Please her; she hates the rude, she cheers the gay,
She shrouds her face when Boreas ventures near.

Above all other birds the nightingale
She loves ; she loves the poplar of the Po
Trembling and whispering ; she descends among
The boxtrees on Cytoros ; night by night
You find her at the olive : it is she
Who makes the berries of the mountain-ash
Bright at her touch : the glassy founts, the fanes
Hoary with age, the sea when Hesper comes
To Tethys, and when liquid voices rise
Above the shore . . but Boreas . . no, not she.”
Then Pitys, with a smile.

“Ha ! what a voice !

My lover Boreas could not roar his name
More harshly. Come now, cunning lightfoot ! say
How was it thou couldst take the Goddess in,
And with a charge so moderate on thy fold ?”

“Again, O Pitys, wouldst thou torture me ?
Gifts not as lover but as loved I gave ;
I gave her what she askt : had she askt more
I would have given it ; 'twas but half the flock :
Therefor 'twas separated in two parts ;
The fatter one, of bolder brow, shone out
In whiteness, but its wool was like goat-hair,
And loud its bleating for more plenteous grass ;
Strong too its smell : my Goddess heeded not
The smell or bleat, but took the weightier fleece.
Why shakest thou thy head, incredulous ?
Why should I urge the truth on unbelief ?
Or why so fondly sue to scorn and hate ?
Pitys ! a time there was when I was heard
With one long smile, and when the softest hand
Stroked down unconsciously the lynx-skin gift

Of Bacchus on my lap, and blushes rose
If somewhat, by some chance, it was removed.
In silence or in speech I then could please,
I then at times could turn my face aside,
Forgetting that my awkward hand was placed
Just where thy knees were bending for a seat :
Then could I at another hour look up
At the sun's parting ray, and draw the breath
Of fresher herbs, while clouds took living forms
Throwing their meshes o'er the azure deep,
And while thy gaze was on the flight of crows
Hoarse overhead, winging their beaten way
At regular and wonted intervals.
Then, never doubting my sworn love, anew
Thou badest me swear it : pleasure lay secure
On its full golden sheaf.

Now, alas, now
What comfort brings me on the barren shore
Pale oleaster, or gay citisus
That hides the cavern, or pellucid vein
Of wandering vine, or broom that once betray'd
The weak twin fawns ! how could I join the glee
Of babbling brook, or bear the lull of grove,
Or mind the dazzling vapor from the grass,
Unless my Pitys told me, and took up
The faltering reed or interrupted song ? ”
Thus he, enclosing with his arm hirsute
Her neck, and stroking slow her auburn hair.

“ Up with the pipe ” said she “ O Pan ! and since
It seems so pleasant to recall old times,
Run over those we both enjoy'd alike,
And I will sing of Boreas, whom I hate.

He boasts of oaks uprooted by his blast,
Of heaven itself his hailstones have disturb'd,
Of thy peculiar heritage afire,
And how thy loftiest woods bow'd down beneath
His furious pennons black with bale and dread.
He boasts of ships submerged, and waves up-piled
High as Olympus, and the trident torn
From Jove's own brother : worst of all, he boasts
How often he deluded with his voice,
Under the rocks of Ismaros, that true
And hapless lover when his eyes sought sleep,
And made his wandering mind believe the sound
Rose from the Manes at his wife recall'd.
His pleasure is to drive from lids fresh-closed
Fond dreams away, and draw false forms about,
And where he finds one terror to bring more.
Can such a lover ever be beloved ?”

Boreas heard all : he stood upon the cliff
Before, now crept he into the near brake ;
Rage siez'd him ; swinging a huge rock around
And, shaking with one stamp the mountain-head,
Hurld it . . and cried

“ Is Boreas so contemn'd ? ”

It smote the Dryad, sprinkling with her blood
The tree they sat beneath : there faithful Pan
Mused often, often call'd aloud the name
Of Pitys, and wiped off tear after tear
From the hoarse pipe, then threw it wildly by,
And never from that day wore other wreath
Than off the pine-tree darkened with her gore.

CUPID AND PAN.

CUPID one day caught Pan asleep, outstretcht :
 He snatcht the goatskin hung about his loins,
 And now and then pluckt at a cross-graind hair
 Bent inward : yet the God, immovable,
 Blew heavy slumbers from his ruddy breast,
 Feeling as any corktree's bark might feel.
 Behind his neck was laid his favorite pipe,
 But this with furtive touch the boy withdrew,
 Not quite insensibly, for one sharp ear
 Quivered a little.

Cupid now waxt wroth,
 Exclaiming, "Zeus above! was ever God
 So dull as this? even thy own wife would fail
 To rouse him."

Then he clapt the sevenfold reeds
 To his own rosy lip and blew them shrill.
 Both ears were now rais'd up, and up sprang he,
 The God of Arcady, and shook the ground ;
 But high above it sprang the lighter God,
 Laughing his threats to scorn.

"Down with that bow,
 Wicked young wretch! down with those arrows!"
 cried

The indignant eld, "then see what thou canst do."

"What I can do, Pan, thou shalt also see."

Thus spake he ; and the bow lept from the sod
 With golden ring, and the young herbs embraced
 The quiver.

"What! contend with thee! 'twere
 shame . .

“Scoff on,” said Cupid ; “when thy wrath subsides,
Even to be vanquisht will excite no blush.
Come, shamefaced ! strike away ; thy foe awaits.”
The blusterer roll’d his yellow eyes, then caught
(As ’twere a bird he caught at, a rare bird
Whose pretty plumage he would grieve to hurt)
At the slim boy who taunted him too long.
’Tis said the color now first left the face
Of the cow’d child ; as when amid a game
Of quoit or hoop suddenly falls the snow,
And that he trembled, fain almost to fly.

“Go, child !” said the grave Arcad : “learn to fear
Thy elders ; and from far : check yet awhile
Ferocious beauty. Thou, who challengest
The peaceful, hast seen scarcely thrice-five years.
Off ! or beware a touch of willow-twig.”

Cupid, ashamed and angered, springing up,
Struck where the goatskin covered ill the breast ;
Swift as an eagle or the bolt he bears
The Arcad, quick of sight, perceived the aim
And caught the hand, which burnt like purest fire
Upon the altar : Pan drew back his own
Extended palm, and blew from rounder cheek
A long cold whiff, and then again advanced,
Trembling to intertwine his hairy shank
With that soft thigh and trip him up, nor ceast
To press the yielding marble from above.
He grew less anxious to conclude the fight
Or win it ; but false glory urged him on.
Cupid, now faint and desperate, siez’d one horn ;
Pan swung him up aloft ; but artifice
Fail’d not the boy ; nay, where the Arcad cried

Conquered at last, and ran both hands about
 The dainty limbs, pluckt out from the left wing
 Its stiffest feather, and smote both his eyes.
 Then loud the rivers and the lakes afar
 Resounded, and the vallies and the groves ;
 Then Ladon with a start and shudder broke
 That marsh which had for ages crost his course ;
 Alpheios and Spercheios heard the shout
 Of Mænalos ; Cyllenè, Pholoë,
 Parthenos, Tegea, and Lycaios, calld
 Responsively, nor knew they yet the cause.
 'Tis said the winged steed sprang from the highths
 Of his Parnassus and ran down amid
 The murky marshes, his proud spirit gone,
 And there abided he, nor once drave back
 Castalia's ripples with his neigh and mane.

“Hail, conqueror !” Cupid cried.

In lower tone

The Arcad,

“Never shall my eyes behold
 My woodland realms ! never the ice afloat
 Under the Zephyrs, and whirld round and round,
 Or the foam sparkling dasht upon the ford ;
 Never the pebbles black and white below,
 Smoothen'd and rounded by assiduous plash,
 Nor silvery cloud expanded overhead,
 Nor Hesper, come to listen to my song.
 Ah ! for the blind there is one spot alone
 Upon the earth, and there alone stand I.
 I did not challenge ; should I sue ? suffice
 Thy victory !”

He held forth his hand, nor knew

Whether he held it strait before the boy,
While from both cheeks fell tears : compassionate
Was Cupid.

“ Soon ” said he “ a remedy
Shall be provided.”

Soon were gathered flowers,
Nor long ere platted.

“ I bestow them all ”
Said he “ on one condition : that thou wear
These, and these only, til I take them off.”
The first was amaranth ; too brittle that,
It broke ere well applied ; then roses white,
White were all roses in these early days,
Narcissus, violet, open-hearted lily,
And smaller ones, no higher than the grass,
Slender and drooping they, yet fresh and fair ;
A spray of myrtle held together these.
But when they toucht his eye he stampt and yell'd
And laid wide-open his sharp teeth until
The quivering nostril felt the upper lip.

Soon slept he better mid the strawberries,
And more and more he thought of Hamadryads,
Recalling all their names, and linking them
In easy verse, and fancying it was time
To take a little care of form and face :
The goatskin for the fawnskin he exchanged
And stroked complacently the smoother pelt,
And trim'd and drew the ivy round his waist . .
It must not be too full . . too scant were worse . .
Lastly he doft the bandage from the brow.
Then was renew'd the series of his woes,
And forced was he to implore again the help

Of his proud conqueror, at the Paphian fane.
There found he Venus in the porch itself.

“So! ’twas thy pleasure” said she “to remove
The flowers we gave thee. No slight chastisement
For this! It was thy duty and thy vow
To wear them til the hands that laid them on
Releast thee from them.

“Goat-foot! he who scorns
Our gifts, scorns never with impunity :
Round that horn’d brow, to ake again ere long,
A wreath less soft and fragrant shalt thou wear.”

PRAYER OF THE BEES TO ALCIPHRON.

THERE was a spinner in the days of old,
So proud, so bold,
She thought it neither shame nor sin
To challenge Pallas to come down and spin.
The goddess won, and forced the crone to hide her
Ugly old head and shrink into a spider.

The bees were frighten'd, for they knew
Within their prudent breasts that few
Had so much skill as they ;
And she who gave the olive might
Be angry, if they show'd that light
As pure and bright
Could shine on mortals any other way.

So not a syllable said they of wax,
But cover'd it with honey, lest a tax
Be laid upon it by the Powers above.
Another goddess, no less mighty
Than Pallas, men call Aphroditè,
The queen of love.

Honey she likes and all things sweet,
And, when she came among the swarms,
They said, " O thou whence love hath all its charms!
Grant him who saved us what we now entreat.
'Tis one whom we
Are used to see
Among our thyme and ivy-flowers
Throughout the matin and the vesper hours,

Fonder of silence than of talk ;

Yet him we heard one morning say :

‘ Gardener ! do not sweep away

The citron blossoms from the gravel-walk :

It might disturb or wound my bees ;

So lay aside that besom, if you please.’

He for whose weal we supplicate is one

Thou haply may’st remember, Alciphron.

We know that Pallas has lookt down

Sometimes on him without a frown,

Yet must confess we’re less afraid

Of you than that Hymettian maid.

Give him, O goddess, we implore,

Not honey (we can that) but more.

We are poor bees, and can not tell

If there be aught he loves as well ;

But we do think we heard him say

There is, and something in your way.

Our stories tell us, when your pretty child

Who drives (they say) so many mortals wild,

Vext one of our great-aunts until she stung ;

Away he flew, and wrung,

Stamping, his five loose fingers at the smart,

You chided him, and took our part.

May the cross Year, fresh-wakened, blow sharp dust

Into their eyes who say thou art unjust.”

EUROPA AND HER MOTHER.

MOTHER.

DAUGHTER! why roamest thou again so late
Along the damp and solitary shore?

EUROPA.

I know not. I am tired of distaf, woof,
Everything.

MOTHER.

Yet thou culledst flowers all morn,
And idledst in the woods, mocking shrill birds,
Or clapping hands at limping hares, who stamp
Angrily, and scour'd off.

EUROPA.

I am grown tired
Of hares and birds. O mother! had you seen
That lovely creature! It was not a cow,
And, if it was an ox,* it was unlike
My father's oxen with the hair rubb'd off
Their necks.

MOTHER.

A cow it was.

EUROPA.

Cow it might be . .
And yet . . and yet . . I saw no calf, no font

* Bulls are never at large in those countries; Europa could not have seen one.

Of milk : I wish I had ; how pleasant 'twere
To draw it and to drink !

MOTHER.

Europa ! child !

Have we no maiden for such offices ?
No whistling boy ? Kings' daughters may cull flowers,
To place them on the altar of the Gods
And wear them at their festivals. Who knows
But some one of these very Gods may deign
To woo thee ? maidens they have wooed less fair.

EUROPA.

The Gods are very gracious : some of them
Not very constant.

MOTHER.

Hush !

EUROPA.

Nay, Zeus himself
Hath wandered, and deluded more than one.

MOTHER.

Fables ! profanest fables !

EUROPA.

Let us hope so.
But I should be afraid of him, and run
As lapwings do when we approach the nest.

MOTHER.

None can escape the Gods when they pursue.

EUROPA.

They know my mind, and will not follow me.

MOTHER.

Consider : some are stars whom they have loved,
Others, the very least of them, are flowers.

EUROPA.

I would not be a star in winter nights,
In summer days I would not be a flower ;
Flowers seldom live thro' half their time, torn off,
Twirl'd round, and indolently cast aside.
Now, mother, can you tell me what became
Of those who were no flowers, but bent their heads
As pliantly as flowers do ?

MOTHER.

They are gone
To Hades.

EUROPA.

And left there by Gods they loved
And were beloved by ! Be not such my doom !
Cruel are men, but crueller are Gods.

MOTHER.

Peace ! peace ! Some royal, some heroic, youth
May ask thy father for thy dower and thee.

EUROPA.

I know not any such, if such there live ;

Royal there may be, but heroic . . where ?
O mother ! look ! look ! look !

MOTHER.

Thou turnest pale ;
What ails thee ?

EUROPA.

Who in all the house hath dared
To winde those garlands round that grand white
brow ?
So mild, so loving ! Mother ! let me run
And tear them off him : let me gather more
And sweeter.

MOTHER.

Truly 'tis a noble beast.
See ! he comes forward ! see, he rips them off,
Himself !

EUROPA.

He should not wear them if he would.
Stay there, thou noble creature ! Woe is me !
There are but sandrose, tyme, and snapdragon
Along the shore as far as I can see.
O mother ! help me on his back ; he licks
My foot. Ah ! what sweet breath ! Now on his side
He lies on purpose for it. Help me up.

MOTHER.

Well, child ! Indeed he is gentle. Gods above !

He takes the water ! Hold him tight, Europa !
'Tis well that thou canst swim.

Leap off, mad girl !

She laughs ! He lows so loud she hears not me . .

But she looks sadder, or my sight is dim . .

Against his nostril fondly hangs her hand

While his eye glistens over it, fondly too.

It will be night, dark night, ere she returns.

And that new scarf ! the spray will ruin it !

GEBIR.

GEBIR, at Egypt's youthful queen's approach,
Laid by his orbed shield; his vizor-helm,
His buckler and his corset he laid by,
And bade that none attend him: at his side
Two faithful dogs that urge the silent course,
Shaggy, deep-chested, croucht; the crocodile,
Crying, oft made them raise their flaccid ears
And push their heads within their master's hand.
There was a brightening paleness in his face,
Such as Diana rising o'er the rocks
Shower'd on the lonely Latmian; on his brow
Sorrow there was, yet nought was there severe.
But when the royal damsel first he saw,
Faint, hanging on her handmaid, and her knees
Tottering, as from the motion of the car,
His eyes lookt earnest on her, and those eyes
Show'd, if they had not, that they might have, lov'd,
For there was pity in them at that hour.
With gentle speech, and more with gentle looks,
He sooth'd her; but lest Pity go beyond
And crost Ambition lose her lofty aim,
Bending, he kist her garment, and retired.
He went, nor slumber'd in the sultry noon,
When viands, couches, generous wines, persuade,
And slumber most refreshes; nor at night,
When heavy dews are laden with disease;
And blindness waits not there for lingering age.
Ere morning dawn'd behind him, he arrived
At those rich meadows where young Tamar fed

The royal flocks entrusted to his care.

“Now,” said he to himself, “will I repose
At least this burthen on a brother’s breast.”

His brother stood before him: he, amazed,
Rear’d suddenly his head, and thus began.

“Is it thou, brother! Tamar, is it thou!

Why, standing on the valley’s utmost verge,

Lookest thou on that dull and dreary shore

Where beyond sight Nile blackens all the sand?

And why that sadness? When I past our sheep

The dew-drops were not shaken off the bar,

Therefore if one be wanting, ’tis untold.”

“Yes, one is wanting, nor is that untold,”

Said Tamar; “and this dull and dreary shore

Is neither dull nor dreary at all hours.”

Whereon the tear stole silent down his cheek,

Silent, but not by Gebir unobserv’d:

Wondering he gazed awhile, and pitying spake.

“Let me approach thee; does the morning light

Scatter this wan suffusion o’er thy brow,

This faint blue lustre under both thine eyes?”

“O brother, is this pity or reproach?”

Cried Tamar, “cruel if it be reproach,

If pity, O how vain!” “Whate’er it be

That grieves thee, I will pity, thou but speak,

And I can tell thee, Tamar, pang for pang.”

“Gebir! then more than brothers are we now!

Everything (take my hand) will I confess.

I neither feed the flock nor watch the fold;

How can I, lost in love? But, Gebir, why

That anger which has risen to your cheek?

Can other men? could you? what, no reply!

And stil more anger, and stil worse conceal'd!
Are these your promises? your pity this?"

"Tamar, I well may pity what I feel . .
Mark me aright . . I feel for thee . . proceed . .
Relate me all." "Then will I all relate,"
Said the young shepherd, gladden'd from his heart.
" 'Twas evening, though not sunset, and the tide
Level with these green meadows, seem'd yet higher:
'Twas pleasant; and I loosen'd from my neck
The pipe you gave me, and began to play.
O that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art!
It always brings us enemies or love.
Well, I was playing, when above the waves
Some swimmer's head methought I saw ascend;
I, sitting stil, survey'd it, with my pipe
Awkwardly held before my lips half-closed,
Gebir! it was a Nymph! a Nymph divine!
I can not wait describing how she came,
How I was sitting, how she first assum'd
The sailor; of what happen'd there remains
Enough to say, and too much to forget.
The sweet deceiver stept upon this bank
Before I was aware; for with surprise
Moments fly rapid as with love itself.
Stooping to tune afresh the hoarsen'd reed,
I heard a rustling, and where that arose
My glance first lighted on her nimble feet.
Her feet resembled those long shells explored
By him who to befriend his steed's dim sight
Would blow the pungent powder in the eye.
Her eyes too! O immortal Gods! her eyes
Resembled . . what could they resemble? what:

Ever resemble those? Even her attire
Was not of wonted woof nor vulgar art:
Her mantle show'd the yellow samphire-pod,
Her girdle the dove-colour'd wave serene.
'Shepherd,' said she, 'and will you wrestle now,
And with the sailor's hardier race engage?'
I was rejoiced to hear it, and contrived
How to keep up contention: could I fail
By pressing not too strongly, yet to press?
'Whether a shepherd, as indeed you seem,
Or whether of the hardier race you boast,
I am not daunted; no; I will engage.'
'But first,' said she, 'what wager will you lay?'
'A sheep,' I answered: 'add whate'er you will.'
'I can not,' she replied, 'make that return:
Our hidèd vessels in their pitchy round
Seldom, unless from rapine, hold a sheep.
But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue*
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.
And I have others given me by the nymphs,
Of sweeter sound than any pipe you have;
But we, by Neptune! for no pipe contend,

* W. Wordsworth borrowed this shell, and filled it to overflowing for the refreshment of the wayfarers in his "Excursion." The Lord of a Manor may wink at small encroachments on the common, but the steward must note them in his book.

This time a sheep I win, a pipe the next.
Now came she forward eager to engage,
But first her dress, her bosom then survey'd,
And heav'd it, doubting if she could deceive.
Her bosom seem'd, inclos'd in haze like heav'n,
To baffle touch, and rose forth undefined:
Above her knee she drew the robe succinct,
Above her breast, and just below her arms.
'This will preserve my breath when tightly bound,
If struggle and equal strength should so constrain.'
Thus, pulling hard to fasten it, she spake,
And, rushing at me, closed: I thrill'd throughout
And seem'd to lessen and shrink up with cold.
Again with violent impulse gusht my blood,
And hearing nought external, thus absorb'd,
I heard it, rushing through each turbid vein,
Shake my unsteady swimming sight in air.
Yet with unyielding though uncertain arms
I clung around her neck; the vest beneath
Rustled against our slippery limbs entwined:
Often mine springing with eluded force
Started aside and trembled til replaced:
And when I most succeeded, as I thought,
My bosom and my throat felt so comprest
That life was almost quivering on my lips,
Yet nothing was there painful: these are signs
Of secret arts and not of human might;
What arts I can not tell; I only know
My eyes grew dizzy and my strength decay'd;
I was indeed o'ercome . . with what regret,
And more, with what confusion, when I reacht
The fold, and yielding up the sheep, she cried,

‘This pays a shepherd to a conquering maid.’
She smiled, and more of pleasure than disdain
Was in her dimpled chin and liberal lip,
And eyes that languisht, lengthening, just like love.
She went away; I on the wicker gate
Leant, and could follow with my eyes alone.
The sheep she carried easy as a cloak;
But when I heard its bleating, as I did,
And saw, she hastening on, its hinder feet
Struggle, and from her snowy shoulder slip,
One shoulder its poor efforts had unveil’d,
Then all my passions mingling fell in tears;
Restless then ran I to the highest ground
To watch her; she was gone; gone down the tide;
And the long moon-beam on the hard wet sand
Lay like a jasper column half up-rear’d.”

“But, Tamar! tell me, will she not return?”

“She will return, yet not before the moon
Again is at the full: she promist this,
Tho’ when she promist I could not reply.”

“By all the Gods I pity thee! go on,
Fear not my anger, look not on my shame,
For when a lover only hears of love
He finds his folly out, and is ashamed.
Away with watchful nights and lonely days,
Contempt of earth and aspect up to heaven,
With contemplation, with humility,
A tatter’d cloak that pride wears when deform’d,
Away with all that hides me from myself,
Parts me from others, whispers I am wise:
From our own wisdom less is to be reapt
Than from the barest folly of our friend.

Tamar! thy pastures, large and rich, afford
Flowers to thy bees and herbage to thy sheep,
But, batten'd on too much, the poorest croft
Of thy poor neighbour yields what thine denies."

They hasten'd to the camp, and Gebir there
Resolved his native country to forego,
And order'd from those ruins to the right
They forthwith raise a city. Tamar heard
With wonder, tho' in passing 'twas half-told,
His brother's love, and sigh'd upon his own.

THE DEATH OF ARTEMIDORA.

“ARTEMIDORA ! Gods invisible,
While thou art lying faint along the couch,
Have tied the sandal to thy slender feet
And stand beside thee, ready to convey
Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.
Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness
Away, and voices like thy own come near
And nearer, and solicit an embrace.”

Artemidora sigh'd, and would have prest
The hand now pressing hers, but was too weak.
Iris stood over her dark hair unseen
While thus Elpenor spake. He lookt into
Eyes that had given light and life erewhile
To those above them, but now dim with tears
And wakefulness. Again he spake of joy
Eternal. At that word, that sad word, *joy*,
Faithful and fond her bosom heav'd once more:
Her head fell back: and now a loud deep sob
Swell'd thro' the darken'd chamber; 'twas not hers.

CHRYSAOR.

COME, I beseech ye, Muses! who, retired
Deep in the shady glens by Helicon,
Yet know the realms of Ocean, know the laws
Of his wide empire, and throughout his court
Know every Nymph, and call them each by name;
Who from your sacred mountain see afar
O'er earth and heaven, and hear and memorise
The crimes of men and counsels of the Gods;
Sing of those crimes and of those counsels, sing
Of Gades sever'd from the fruitful main,
And what befell, and from what mighty hand,
Chrysaor, wielder of the golden sword.
'Twas when the high Olympus shook with fear,
Lest all his temples, all his groves, be crusht
By Pelion piled on Ossa: but the sire
Of mortals and immortals waved his arm
Around, and all below was wild dismay:
Again; 'twas agony: again; 'twas peace.
Chrysaor stil in Gades tarrying,
Hurl'd into ether, tinging, as it flew,
With sudden fire the clouds round Saturn's throne,
No pine surrendered by retreating Pan,
Nor ash, nor poplar pale: but swoln with pride
Stood towering from the citadel; his spear
One hand was rested on, and one with rage
Shut hard, and firmly fixt against his side;
His frowning visage, flusht with insolence,
Rais'd up oblique to heaven. "O thou," he cried,
"Whom nations kneel to, not whom nations know,
Hear me, and answer, if indeed thou canst,

The last appeal I deign thee or allow.
Tell me, and quickly, why should I adore,
Adored myself by millions? why invoke,
Invoked with all thy attributes? Men wrong
By their prostrations, prayers, and sacrifice,
Either the Gods, their rulers, or themselves:
But flame and thunder fright them from the Gods;
Themselves they can not, dare not, they are ours;
Us, dare they, can they, *us?* But triumph, Jove!
Man for one moment hath engaged his lord,
Henceforth let merchants value him, not kings.
No! lower thy scepter, and hear Atrobal,
And judge aright to whom men sacrifice.
'My children,' said the sage and pious priest,
'Mark there the altar! though the fumes aspire
'Twelve cubits ere a nostril they regale,
'Tis myrrh for 'Titans, 'tis but air for Gods.'
Time changes, Nature changes, I am changed!
Fronting the furious lustre of the sun,
I yielded to his piercing swift-shot beams
Only when quite meridian, then abased
These orbits to the ground, and there survey'd
My shadow: strange and horrid to relate!
My very shadow almost disappear'd!
Restore it, or by earth and hell I swear
With blood enough will I refascinate
The cursed incantation: thou restore,
And largely; or my brethren, all combined,
Shall rouse thee from thy lethargies, and drive
Far from thy cloud-soft pillow, minion-prest,
Those leering lassitudes that follow Love."

The smile of disappointment and disdain
Sat sallow on his pausing lip half-closed ;
But, neither headlong importunity
Nor gibing threat of reed-propt insolence
Let loose the blast of vengeance : heaven shone bright,
And proud Chrysaor spurn'd the prostrate land.
But the triumphant Thunderer, now mankind
(Criminal mostly for enduring crimes)
Provoked his indignation, thus besought
His trident-sceptered brother, triton-borne.
“ O Neptune! cease henceforward to repine.
They are not cruel, no ; the Destinies
Intent upon their loom, unoccupied
With aught beyond its moody murmuring sound,
Will neither see thee weep nor hear thee sigh :
And wherefore weep, O Neptune, wherefore sigh!
Ambition? 'tis unworthy of a God,
Unworthy of a brother! I am Jove,
Thou Neptune: happier in uncitied realms,
In coral hall or grotto samphire-ceil'd,
Amid the song of Nymphs and ring of shells
Thou smoothest at thy will the pliant wave
Or liftest it to heaven. I also can
Whatever best beseems me, nor for aid
Unless I loved thee, Neptune, would I call.
Though absent, thou hast heard and hast beheld
The profanation of that monstrous race,
That race of earth-born giants; one survives;
The rapid-footed Rhodan mountain-rear'd
Beheld the rest defeated ; stil remain
Scatter'd throughout interminable fields,
Sandy and sultry, and each hopeless path

Choakt up with crawling briars and bristling thorns,
The flinty trophies of their foul disgrace.

Chrysaor, wielder of the golden sword,
Stil hails as brethren men of stouter heart,
But, wise confederate, shuns Phlegræan fields.
No warrior he, yet who so fond of war,
Unfeeling, scarce ferocious; flattery's dupe,
He fancies that the Gods themselves are his;
Impious, but most in prayer. Now re-assert
Thy friendship, raise thy trident, strike the rock,
Sever him from mankind." Then thus replied
The Nymph-surrounded monarch of the main.

"Empire bemoan I not, however shared,
Nor Fortune frail, nor stubborn Fate, accuse:
No! mortals I bemoan! when Avarice,
Ploughing these fruitless furrows, shall awake
The basking Demons and the dormant Crimes,
Horrible, strong, resistless, and transform
Meekness to Madness, Patience to Despair.
What is Ambition? what but Avarice?
But Avarice in richer guise array'd,
Stalking erect, loud-spoken, lion-mien'd,
Her brow uncrost by care, but deeply markt,
And darting downward 'twixt her eyes hard-lasht
The wrinkle of command. Could ever I
So foul a fiend, so fondly too, caress?
Judge me not harshly, judge me by my deeds."

Though seated then on Afric's further coast,
Yet sudden at his voice, so long unheard,
(For he had grieved and treasured up his grief)
With short kind greeting meet from every side

The Triton herds, and warm with melody
The azure concave of their curling shells.
Swift as an arrow, as the wind, as light,
He glided through the deep, and now arrived,
Lept from his pearly beryl-studded car.
Earth trembled: the retreating tide, black-brow'd,
Gather'd new strength, and rushing on, assail'd
The promontory's base: but when the God
Himself, resistless Neptune, struck one blow,
Rent were the rocks asunder, and the sky
Was darken'd with their fragments ere they fell.
Lygeia vocal, Zantho yellow-hair'd,
Spio with sparkling eyes, and Beröe
Demure, and sweet Ione, youngest-born,
Of mortal race, but grown divine by song.
Had he seen playing round her placid neck
The sunny circles, braidless and unbound,
O! who had call'd them boders of a storm!
These, and the many sister Nereids,
Forgetful of their lays and of their loves,
All unsuspecting of the dread intent,
Stop suddenly their gambols, and with shrieks
Of terror plunge amid the closing wave;
Yet, just above, one moment more appear
Their darken'd tresses floating in the foam.
Thrown prostrate on the earth, the Sacrilege
Rais'd up his head astounded, and accurst
The stars, the destinies, the gods; his breast
Panted from consternation and dismay,
And pride untoward on himself o'erthrown.
From his distended nostrils issued gore
At intervals, with which his wiry locks,

Huge arms, and bulky bosom, shone beslimed :
And thrice he call'd his brethren, with a voice
More dismal than the blasts from Phlegethon
Below, that urge along ten thousand ghosts
Wafted loud-wailing o'er the fiery tide.
But answer heard he none: the men of might
Who gather'd round him formerly, the men
Whom frozen at a frown, a smile revived,
Were far: enormous mountains interposed,
Nor ever had the veil-hung pine out-spread
O'er Tethys then her wandering leafless shade :
Nor could he longer under winter stars
Suspend the watery journey, nor repose
Whole nights on Ocean's billowy restless bed ;
No longer, bulging through the tempest, rose
That bulky bosom ; nor those oarlike hands,
Trusted ere mortal's keenest ken conceived
The bluest shore, threw back opposing tides.
Shrunk mid brutal hair his violent veins
Subsided, yet were hideous to behold
As dragons panting in the noontide brake.
At last, absorbing deep the breath of heaven,
And stifling all within his deadly grasp,
Struggling and tearing up the glebe to turn,
And from a throat that, as it throbb'd and rose,
Seem'd shaking ponderous links of dusky iron,
Uttering one anguish-forced indignant groan,
Fired with infernal rage, the spirit flew.

Nations of fair Hesperia! lo, o'erthrown
Your peace-embracing war-inciting king!
Ah! thrice twelve years and longer ye endured,
Without one effort to rise higher, one hope

That heaven would wing the secret shaft aright,
The abomination: hence 'twas Jove's command
That many hundred, many thousand more,
Freed from one despot, yet from one unfreed,
Ye crouch unblest at Superstition's feet.
Her hath he sent among ye; her the pest
Of men below and curse of Gods above:
Hers are the last, worst tortures they inflict
On all who bend to any king but them.
Born of Sicanus in the vast abyss
Where never light descended, she survived
Her parent; he omnipotence defied,
But thunderstruck fell headlong from the clouds;
She, though the radiant ether overpower'd
Her eyes, accusom'd to the gloom of night,
And quencht their lurid orbs, Religion's helm
Assuming, vibrated her Stygian torch,
Til thou, Astræa! though behind the sire's
Broad egis, trembledst on thy heavenly throne.

LYSANDER, ALCANOR, AND PHANÖE.

LYSANDER.

ART thou grown hoarse by sitting in the sun
Of early spring, when winds come down adrift
To punish them they find asleep at noon?

ALCANOR.

Hoarse I am not, but I am tired of song,
Therefore do I retire, where, without pipe,
The goat-foot God brought all the nymphs to sit
Half-way up Mænalos. If she I love
Will follow me, I swear to thee by him,
Bitter to those who slight him or forswear,
Thou shalt hear something sweet, do thou but stay.

LYSANDER.

Lysander well can stay, do thou but sing.

ALCANOR.

But not unless a Nymph or Nymph-like maid
Will listen.

LYSANDER.

Here comes Phanöe. Thou art pale.
Sing: Phanöe! bid him sing.

PHANÖE.

By Artemis!

I bade him never more repeat my name,
And if he disobeys me . . .

LYSANDER.

Hush! 'twere ill
To call down vengeance upon those who love:
And he hath sworn by Pan that he will sing
If thou wilt follow him up Mænalos.

PHANÖE.

He may snatch off my slipper while I kneel
To Pan, upon the stone so worn aslant
That it is difficult to kneel upon
Without my leaving half a slipper loose.
Little cares he for Pan: he scarcely fears
That other, powerfuller and terribler,
To whom more crowns are offered than to Zeus,
Or any God beside, and oftener changed.
In spring we garland him with pointed flowers,
Anemone and crocus and jonquil,
And tender hyacinth in clustering curls;
Then with sweet-breathing mountain strawberry;
Then pear and apple blossom, promising
(If he is good) to bring the fruit full-ripe,
Hanging it round about his brow, his nose,
Down even to his lips. When autumn comes,
His russet vine-wreath crackles under grapes:
Some trim his neck with barley, wheat, and oat;
Some twine his naked waist with them: and last
His reverend head is seen and worshipt through
Stiff narrow olive-leaves, that last til spring.
Say, ought I not to fear so wild a boy,
Who fears not even *him*! but once has tried
By force to make me pat him, after prayers?

How fierce then lookt the God! and from above
How the club reddened, as athirst for blood!
Yet, fearing and suspecting the audacious,
Up Mænalos I must, for there my herd
Is browsing on the thorn and citisus
At random.

LYSANDER.

He hath not endured thy frown,
But hurries off.

PHANÖE.

And let him.

LYSANDER.

Captious Pan
On one or other may look evil-eyed.

PHANÖE.

I mind my Goddess, let him mind his God.

Away she went, and as she went she sang.
Brief cries were heard ere long, faint and more faint.
Pan! was it thou? was it thou, Artemis?
Frolicksome kids and hard goats glassy-eyed
Alone could tell the story, had they speech.
The maiden came not back: but, after rites
Due to the goat-foot God, the pious youth
Piped shrilly forth and shook off all his woe.

LACON AND DORA.

DORA (*wakening him*).

Feedest thou upon poppies? drowsy drone!

LACON.

Haply my breathing was a little hard,
Hard it is always when I think of thee.

DORA.

Do idle shepherds snort like porpuses?
I know what such hard breathing means with men ;
We never practise it.

LACON.

Us men ye make
Practise it often.

DORA.

Why not keep awake?

LACON.

'Too long awake ye keep us.

DORA.

When you dance ;
But dance makes me sleep sounder.

LACON.

You mistake

My meaning?

DORA.

Is there any?

LACON.

Day and night
Of all hard breathing ye enforce the worst . .
Unheeded sighs.

DORA.

Bad! but the worst are those
That burst from nostril; hast thou none beside?

LACON.

I could breathe softer in a patient ear:
Sit by my side and hear the difference.

DORA.

Quiet now! wilt not let me seat myself?

LACON.

I would but help thee: soon we both will rise
Together. They who sigh but once have learnt
Imperfect love: beginning, middle, end,
There are in all things; we have barely come
Halfway.

DORA.

O impudence! is that halfway?
Then when, I wonder, shall we reach the end?

ACON AND KEPOS.

ACON.

KEPOS! what brings thee from the market-place?

KEPOS.

What drove me from it, rather ask.

ACON.

Well, what?

KEPOS.

There was a scramble round about my stall,
And two unlucky boys were fighting hard
Which of them should sweep off the fruit; at last
They overturn'd the board: 'twas time to run.

ACON.

And were the people then indifferent?

KEPOS.

At first they were not; presently they laugh
To see a split pomegranate's slippery fruit
Drop from the fingers of the foremost two,
With nothing left between them but hard rind
And deeply-dyed and ever-during stain.

ACON.

Children of Hellas! learn your lesson here,
Nor touch pomegranate in the market-place.

LEONTION, ON TERNISSA'S DEATH
(EPICUROS ALSO DEPARTED).

BEHOLD, behold me, whether thou
Art dwelling with the Shades below
Or with the Gods above :
With thee were even the Gods more blest . .
I wish I could but share thy rest
As once I shared thy love.

'Twas in this garden where I lean
Against thy tombstone, once the scene
Of more than mortal bliss,
That loiter'd once Ternissa ; sure
She left me that her love was pure ;
It gave not kiss for kiss.

Faint was the blush that overspred
Thro' loosen'd hair her dying head ;
One name she utter'd, one
She sigh'd and wept at ; so wilt thou,
If any sorrows reach thee now . .
'Twas not *Leontion*.

Wert thou on earth thou wouldst not chide
The gush of tears I could not hide
Who ne'er hid aught from thee.
Willing thou wentest on the way
She went . . and am I doom'd to stay?
No ; we soon meet, all three.

The flowers she cherisht I will tend,
Nor gather, but above them bend
 And think they breathe her breath.
Ah, happy flowers ! ye little know
Your youthful nurse lies close below,
 Close as in life in death.

HYMN AND OFFERING OF TERPANDER
TO JUNO.

I TOUCH the soil of Samos, where the queen
Of heaven is worshipt, and her priests ordain'd
Accept with gracious hands the gift of poor
And rich alike, and even frame the prayers
Of such as can not make them as beseems.
What priests upon the earth so bountiful ?
What land so lovely ? not even Rhodes, where Spring
Serenely smiles at Winter's languid wrath,
And where Apollo by the will of Zeus
Reigns the sole God.

Do thou with face benign
O Herè ! take this votive vest today,
Brought by no hand impure, and well besprent
With lustral water, which the grateful fumes
Of incense rest on, and will rest on long,
Until they reach thee at thy dome above.
Do thou, O Herè, lay before the throne
Of Zeus all my petitions, all my prayers ;
For well thou knowest 'twere audacious deed
In me without thy intercession, queen,
To plead before him for offence of mine,
Or favor at the Almighty Thunderer's hands.

Stand afar off, ye unbelieving men,
While I with reverence lay before the feet
Of Herè this my offering, from a woof
Which maids of Sidon labored to intwine
With gold and purple. Stand afar, profane,
Who doubt if they who on Olympus dwell,

Wear such thin raiment when they take delight
And clap their hands to see a Cloud and Wind
(Eurus or Boreas or Apeliotes)

Run races on the summit in the snow.

I, happy in thy worship and thy care,
Seek not to vary this my happiness,
Nor would partake nor would impose a yoke.
I know that Love and Hymen when they meet
Are apt to quarrel ; Hymen presses hard,
But Love with lighter wing eludes the grasp.
I shudder when I see a saffron robe
And torch before it. Herè ! I am weak ;
Direct my steps, direct them to thy fane
As now, and back again as now, alone.

SOPHRON'S HYMN TO BAKKOS.

STAND afar off, irreverent and profane,
While I ascend the temple of a God
Miraculously born; a woman's child,
The nurseling of no woman, but enwrapt
In the soft swatheing of a father's thigh.

Hail, earthborn son of Semele and Zeus!
Earthborn yet more, and in more lands, adored
Than Zeus himself. Grant me the power to sing
Thy praise, thy glorious conquests to rehearse
Beyond the Ganges and Gangetic iles
Numberless, where fierce tigers didst thou quell,
Stripping their skins from off them ere half-dead,
And whirling round thy neck their tawny legs,
And round thy shoulders to thy loins the length
Of their rich spoils: then first did Greece behold
Fangs such as never since hath Calydon
Yielded, when Melcager was avenged.

Better than victories are benefits;
And these are thine too; greater none the Gods
Bestow on mortal. By thy hand the chain
Is loosened on the captive, and holds down
The neck of kings, who toss and toss in vain
And change the pillow, right and left, and start,
Dreaming they hear the heavy scepter drop.

Who praises now Lykourgos? who but shrinks
At that accursed name? 'twas he that spurn'd
Thy precious gift, nor spared the graceful curl
Of lucid tendril, nor pubescent down,
Nor fragrant bloom that waits the later spring.

We hear what nectar is, we hear whose hand
Presents it in her golden cup to Zeus,
Tasting it at his nod and smile ; then he
Drinks from the margin which her lips had toucht ;
The nectar is not nectar until then :
Thou knowest, Dionysos, thou alone,
Whether it came from his own native Crete,
Or from his daughter's Cypros ; both produce
Beverage which Hebe need not blush to bear.

Is there a city, hamlet, woodland, croft,
A festival without thy genial gifts,
Thy presence, tho' unseen ? Is there a birth
Of infant but thou gladdenest more the sire,
And the sire's friends, who sing thy praise aloud ?

Thou knowest I was ever temperate
And worshipt thee in purity ; thou knowest
I loved the Nymphs because they fondled thee
And carried thee an infant in their arms.
Modest as these am I ; therefor unblamed
I may invoke thee in the midst of them.
One there is, Dionysos, at whose song
Sorrow hath often fled from me ; do thou
Incline thine ear, and haply she may sing,
Altho' her songs were never framed for thee.

Hail, Dionysos, once again, and bless
This hospitable city ; bless the sires
Of her brave sons, and them ! long may they raise
The ancestral cup, and pass it friend to friend !

DRIMACOS.

IN Crete reign'd Zeus and Minos ; and there sprang
From rocky Chios (but more years between)
Homer. Ah! who near Homer's side shall stand?
A slave, a slave shall stand near Homer's side.
Come from dark ages forth, come, Drimacos!

O gems of Ocean, shining here and there
Upon his vest of ever-changeful green,
Richer are ye than wide-spread continents,
Richer in thoughtful men and glorious deeds.
Drimacos was a slave ; but Liberty
By him from Slavery sprang, as day from night.
Intolerable servitude o'erran
The isle of Chios. They whose sires had heard
The blind man, and the muse who sat beside,
Constant, as was the daughter to the king
Of Thebes, and comforting his sunless way,
Yea, even these bore stones within their breasts,
Buying by land or capturing by sea,
And torturing limbs fashioned like their own,
Limbs like the Gods' they all fell down before.
But Zeus had from Olympus lookt oblique,
Then breath'd into the breasts of suffering slaves
Heroic courage and heroic strength,
And wisdom for their guidance and support.
Drimacos he appointed to coerce
The pride of the enslaver, and to free
All those who labored and were heavy-laden
With griefs, not even by the avenging Gods
Inflicted, wrongs which men alone inflict
On others, when their vices have scoopt out

A yoke far more opprobrious for themselves.
From field to field the clang of arms was heard ;
Fires from the rocks and the hill-tops by night
Collected all the valiant, all the young,
Female and male, stripling and suckling babe,
By mother (then most fond) not left behind.
But many were o'ertaken ; many dropt
Faint by the road ; thirst, hunger, terror, seiz'd
Separate their prey. Among the fugitives,
In the most crowded and the narrowest path
That led into the thickets on the hill,
Was Amymonè with her infant boy,
Eiarinos. She pray'd the Gods, nor pray'd
Inaudible, although her voice had fail'd.
On Drimacos she call'd by name ; he heard
The voice ; he turn'd his head, and cried aloud :
“ Comrades ! take up yon infant from the arms
That sink with it ; and help the mother on.”
Far in advance was he ; all urged amain ;
All minded their own household, nor obey'd.
But he rusht back amid them till he reacht
The mother, who had fallen under-foot,
Trampled, but not relinquishing her hold.
Scarcely was space to stoop in, yet he stoopt
And rais'd what feebly wail'd among men's legs,
And placed it on his head, that the fresh air
Might solace it : soon it began to play,
To pat the hair of some, of some the eyes,
Unconscious that its mother's soul had fled.
The dust rose lower, for the sultry day
Was closing, and above shone Hesperus
Alone. On mossy banks within the brake

The men threw down their weapons snatcht in haste,
Impenetrable woods received their flight,
And shelter'd and conceal'd them from pursuit.
There many years they dwelt; nor only there,
But also in the plains and in the towns
Fought they, and overthrew the wealthier race,
And drove their cattle off and reapt their grain.
Drimacos, strong in justice, strong in arms,
Prompt, vigilant, was everywhere obey'd.
He proffer'd the proud Chiots, half-subdued,
Repression of invaders, in return
For their repression of invaders too,
And corn and wine and oil enough for all,
And horned victims to avenger Zeus.
But plenteousness and sloth relaxt his hold
Upon a few, men yearning to partake
The vices of a city: murmurs rose
And reacht the ear of Drimacos, and reacht
The wealthy towns and their impatient lords.
Rewards were offered for the leader's head,
And askt perhaps ere offered. When he found
Ingratitude so nigh and so alert,
He listened calmly to the chiefs around,
His firm defenders; then replied:

“My friends!

Already in the days of youth ye watcht
Over the common-weal, but now your eyes
And mine too want repose. Fear not for me,
But guard yourselves. The Gods who placed me here
Call *me* away, not you.”

They heard, and went,
Sorrowing. Then call'd he unto him the youth

Eiarinos, who two whole years had fought
Beside him, and fought well.

“Eiarinos!

I may have saved thy life ('tis said I did)
In infancy: it now behoves me, boy,
To give thee substance such as parents give.
Alas! 'tis wanting: nought is in the house
Save arms, as thou well knowest; but those men
Who left me now, had talkt with thee before,
And there are marks along thy cheek which tears
Leave upon maiden's cheeks, not upon men's.

Eiarinos spake not, but threw his arms
Around his guardian's neck and shook with grief.
“Thou shalt not be quite destitute, my son!”
Said he, “Thou knowest what reward awaits
Him who shall bring my head within the town.
Here! strike! let never traitor grasp the gold.”
Forward he held the hilt and lowered his brow.
“Bequeathest thou to parricidal hand,
O father! that accursed gold?” cried he,
And ran against the portal, blind with tears.
But the calm man now caught his arm, and said,
“Delay may bring on both what comes for one.
Inevitable is my death: at least
Promise me this one thing, Eiarinos,
And I release thee: swear that, when I die,
Thou wilt, against all adversaries, bear
My head to those who seek it, pledge of peace.”
Calmer, but sobbing deep, the youth replied,
“When Zeus the liberator shall appoint
The pastor of the people to depart,
His will be done! if such be his and thine.”

He lowered his eyes in reverence to the earth;
And Drimacos then smote into his breast
The unaccepted sword. The pious youth
Fell overpowered with anguish, nor arose
Until the elders, who had gone, return'd.
They comforted the orphan, and implored
He would perform the duty thus enjoined.
Nor Muse, nor Memory her mother, knows
The sequel: but upon the highest peak
Of Chios is an altar of square stone
Roughened by time, and some believe they trace
In ancient letters, cubit-long, the words
Drimacos and *Eiarinos* and *Zeus*.

PINDAR AND HIERO.

HIERO.

PINDAR ! no few are there among my guests
Who lift up eyebrows archt and rounded eyes
To hear thee talk as they do. Poets grin
And whisper,

*He is one of us, not more,
Tho' higher in . . I think they also add
Our foolish king's esteem.*

PINDAR.

We do not feed
On race-horse flesh, nor drive the charriot-wheels
Upon the table. Even in verse I sing
Not always dithyrambics. I may lift
Weak mortal over an admiring crowd,
And I may hear and heed not their applause,
A part whereof is given to him who fed
The steeds, a part to him who drove, a part
At last to me.

HIERO.

My friend ! the steeds are gone,
The charrioteers will follow : Death pursues
And overtakes the fleetest of them all :
He may pant on until his ribs are crackt,
He never shall reach thee. Believe one word
A king hath spoken . . Ages shall sweep off
All lighter things, but leave thy name behind.

PINDAR.

I was amused at hearing the discourse
Of our wise judges, when their maws were fill'd,
About some poets of the present day.

HIERO.

I did not hear it. I would not surcharge
Thy memory, 'twere unfriendly ; but perchance
A tittle of the tattle may adhere
Stil to thy memory, as on amber hairs
That some loose wench hath combed into the street :
If so, pray let me have it.

PINDAR.

An old friend
Of mine had represented the grave sire
Of poets, in the ile of Ithaca,
Conversing with Laertes.

HIERO.

He was wrong.
Homer lived some time after him.

PINDAR.

Who knows ?
Howbeit, the worst complaint was that a king
Spoke of stale bread, and offered it his guest.

HIERO.

Ithaca is not Sicily : the rocks
Of that poor iland bear no crops of wheat ;
Laertes might not every day have spared

The scanty brushwood for the oaten cake.
Wine, I will wager, your old friend hath jogg'd
The generous host to lay upon the board.

PINDAR.

And both converst as other men converse.
The poet is no poet at all hours,
The hero is no hero with a friend.

HIERO.

The virtuous, the valiant, and the wise,
Have ever been thy friends, and they alone.

PINDAR.

Few have I found, and fewer have I sought.
Apart I chose to stand. The purest air
Breathes o'er high downs on solitary men.
Thou smilest, O king Hiero, at my words,
Who seest me in thy court.

HIERO.

No, no, my friend !

PINDAR.

We must not penetrate the smile of kings,
There may be secrets in it.

HIERO.

Open mine ;
There is but one for thee ; and it is this ;
'Tis written on no scroll, but on my heart ;

Command I dare not call it, though I would . .
Pindar is Pindar, Hiero is but king.

PINDAR.

Embolden'd when I ought to be abasht,
I venture now to question thee.

HIERO.

Obey.

Sprinkle a drop of Lethe on the fount
Of sparkling Dirce, nor remember Thebes,
Or him alone remember, him whose harp
Rais'd up her walls, which harp thou strikest now
With hand more potent than Amphion's was.
Here shalt thou dwell in honor, long thy due,
And sing to us thy even-song of life.

TO CORINTH.

QUEEN of the double sea, beloved of him
Who shakes the world's foundations, thou hast seen
Glory in all her beauty, all her forms;
Seen her walk back with Theseus when he left
The bones of Sciron bleaching to the wind,
Above the ocean's roar and cormorant's flight,
So high that vastest billows from above
Show but like herbage waving in the mead;
Seen generations throng thy Isthmian games,
And pass away; the beautiful, the brave,
And them who sang their praises. But, O Queen,
Audible still, and far beyond thy cliffs,
As when they first were utter'd, are those words
Divine which praised the valiant and the just;
And tears have often stopt, upon that ridge
So perilous, him who brought before his eye
The Colchian babes. "Stay! spare him! save the
last!

Medea! Is that blood? again! it drops
From my imploring hand upon my feet!
I will invoke the Eumenides no more,
I will forgive thee, bless thee, bend to thee
In all thy wishes, do but thou, Medea,
Tell me, one lives." "And shall I too deceive?"
Cries from the fiery car an angry voice;
And swifter than two falling stars descend,
Two breathless bodies; warm, soft, motionless,
As flowers in stillest noon before the sun,
They lie three paces from him: such they lie
As when he left them sleeping side by side,

A mother's arm round each, a mother's cheeks
Between them, flusht with happiness and love.
He was more changed than they were, doomed to
show

Thee and the stranger, how defaced and scarr'd
Grief hunts us down the precipice of years,
And whom the faithless prey upon the last.

To give the inertest masses of our earth
Her loveliest forms, was thine; to fix the Gods
Within thy walls, and hang their tripods round
With fruits and foliage knowing not decay.
A nobler work remains: thy citadel
Invites all Greece: o'er lands and floods remote
Many are the hearts that still beat high for thee:
Confide then in thy strength, and unappall'd
Look down upon the plain, while yokemate kings
Run bellowing where their herdsmen goad them on.
Instinct is sharp in them and terror true,
They smell the floor whereon their necks must lie.

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

WE mind not how the sun in the mid-sky
Is hastening on; but when the golden orb
Strikes the extreme of earth, and when the gulphs
Of air and ocean open to receive him,
Dampness and gloom invade us; then we think
Ah! thus is it with Youth. Too fast his feet
Run on for sight; hour follows hour; fair maid
Succeeds fair maid; bright eyes bestar his couch;
The cheerful horn awakens him; the feast,
The revel, the entangling dance, allure,
And voices mellower than the Muse's own
Heap up his buoyant bosom on their wave.
A little while, and then . . Ah Youth! Youth! Youth!
Listen not to my words . . but stay with me!
When thou art gone, Life may go too; the sigh
That rises is for thee, and not for Life.

PTOLEMY AND THEOCRITOS.

PTOLEMY.

PLEASANT art thou, Theocritos! The pair
Thou broughtest forward to our festival
Of yesterday, Praxinoe and Gorgo,
Are worthy pair for Aristophanes,
Had he been living, to have brought on stage :
Even grave Menander, wittiest of the wise,
Had smiled and caught thee by the hand for this.

THEOCRITOS.

Ah! to be witty is hard work sometimes.
'Tis easier to lie down along the grass,
Where there is any, grass there none is here.

PTOLEMY.

But here are couches where we may repose
And dream as easily. Thy dreams were all
For Sicily, about the Nymphs and swains.

THEOCRITOS.

It seems an easier matter to compose
Idyls of shepherds and of little Gods
Than great heroic men.

PTOLEMY.

Thou hast done both.

THEOCRITOS.

Neither is easy. Grass in Sicily
Is slippery, scant the turf and hard to tread.

The sheep oft wonder, and crowd close, at sight
Of venturous shepherd, putting pipe to lip
And, ere he blow it, sprawling heels in air.
I have sung hymns ; but hymns with fuller breath
Are chaunted by my friend Kallimakos.

PTOLEMY.

Friend! O strange man ! poet call poet *friend!*
If my good genius brought thee hither, thanks
We both may pay him.

THEOCRITOS.

Well indeed may I.

PTOLEMY.

What ! for disturbing dreams of Nymphs and swains,
And whispering leaves of platan and of pine ?
Sweet whispers ! but with sweeter underneath.

THEOCRITOS.

No ; but for banishing far different ones,
Such as were facts in our fair Sicily.
Had kings like Ptolemy been living then,
However far removed this empire lies,
Phalaris never had shut up within
His brazen bull the bravest and the best.

PTOLEMY.

Kings have their duties : it concerns them all
To take good heed that none betray their trust,
Lest odious be the name, and they themselves
Fall thro the crime of one : the crowns they wear

Make some hot-headed, nearly all weak-eyed.

'Tis written how this bull went close behind,
Bellowing his thunders, belching smoke and flame,
Wherever that king went.

THEOCRITOS.

No fiction, sire,
Of poets, or historians, who feign more.

PTOLEMY.

Pleasanter in our Ægypt be thy dreams!
Come, let me hear the latest; speak it out.

THEOCRITOS.

Last night, beneath the shadow of a sphynx
I fancied I was lying, and I dream'd
Only of placid Gods and generous kings.

PTOLEMY.

Knave! knave! on neither shall thy dream be vain.

ODE TO MILETUS.

MAIDEN there was whom Jove
Illuded into love,
 Happy and pure was she;
Glorious from her the shore became,
And Helle lifted up her name
To shine eternal o'er the river-sea.

And many tears are shed
Upon thy bridal-bed,
Star of the swimmer in the lonely night!
 Who with unbraided hair
 Wipedst a breast so fair,
Bounding with toil, more bounding with delight.

But they whose prow hath past thy straits
And, ranged before Byzantion's gates,
Bring to the God of sea the victim due,
 Even from the altar raise their eyes.
And drop the chalice with surprise,
And at such grandeur have forgotten you.

At last there swells the hymn of praise,
And who inspires those sacred lays?
 "The founder of the walls ye see."
What human power could elevate
Those walls, that citadel, that gate?
 "Miletos, O my sons! was he."

Hail then, Miletus! hail beloved town,
Parent of me and mine!
But let not power alone be thy renown,
Nor chiefs of ancient line,

Nor visits of the Gods, unless
They leave their thoughts below,
And teach us that we most should bless
Those to whom most we owe,

Restless is Wealth; the nerves of Power
Sink, as a lute's in rain:
The Gods lend only for an hour
And then call back again

All else than Wisdom; she alone,
In Truth's or Virtue's form,
Descending from the starry throne
Thro' radiance and thro' storm,

Remains as long as godlike men
Afford her audience meet,
Nor Time nor War tread down again
The traces of her feet.

Always hast thou, Miletus, been the friend,
Protector, guardian, father, of the wise;
Therefore shall thy dominion never end
Till Fame, despoil'd of voice and pinion, dies.

With favouring shouts and flowers thrown fast
behind,

Arctinos ran his race,

No wanderer he, alone and blind . .

And Melesander was untorn by Thrace.

There have been, but not here,

Rich men who swept aside the royal feast

On child's or bondman's breast,

Bidding the wise and aged disappear.

Revere the aged and the wise,

Aspasia! but thy sandal is not worn

To trample on these things of scorn;

By his own sting the fire-bound scorpion dies.

THE FAMINE IN ETRURIA.*

BEYOND the confines of a race cognate,
 Pelasgic, and their hunger well appeas'd,
 Had travel'd the Etrurians : age alone
 Would have protected them throughout all lands
 When it was widely known they sought the God
 At Delphi ; now they stood beneath his fane.
 But some of them had rashly pluckt the boughs
 Of bay in passing ; when a voice was heard
 In modulated tones ; and these the words.
*Impious the man who snaps the budding bay,
 Or bruises it, thus hastening its decay :
 This may be pardon'd in the goats and swine ;
 Brutes know not what is awful and divine.*

Obedient were they all.

When they approacht
 The temple, one alone received a branch,
 And he was bidden to come forth and speak.
 Then came he forth and, kneeling, thus spake he.
 " The springs are sunk into the earth again,
 Thou seest, Apollo, who seest all below,
 And, where the fountains bubbled up, the bats
 Widen their wings and crouch, nor seek for flies,
 For even the flies around are dead with drought,
 And the thin knats, now thinner, cease to whirr.

* Dionysius of Halicarnassus records this famine and its consequences, adding the appeal to the oracle, which oracle demanded, in addition to arrears, a tenth of the males. After this their calamity, the Etrurians, who were the Japanese of Europe three thousand years ago, in civility and industry, lost the dominion of Italy, still observing the oracle, and devoting a tenth of their possessions and of their children to their Gods' vicegerent and subordinates.

Not only the light wanderers of the air,
The very serpents, mother Earth's first-born,
And living in all lands, live not with us.
Python, the glory of thy silver bow,
Would not have rais'd his threatening head, but
croucht

At his full length, and panted, not defied.

Piteous it is, if we can pity now
Aught but ourselves, to see the ox's ribs
White under him who drove them to the field,
And drying as they drop his bitter tears.
Where now the poppy-crown? where harvest-home?"
Fain would I rest upon a thought so sweet,
If sweet be any thought of happiness
Departed, and hope with it.

Worse remains.

A mother had no heart to kill her babe,
But offered it to one who had: he said
A plumper turnip was too high a price;
And she turn'd back in anger and in scorn . . .
But soon (even scorn and anger sank) return'd,
For she had one babe left, and one might live.

The God was deaf to every prayer; at length
They sought his oracle with better hopes;
Then said he from his inner shrine.

"'Tis here.

Here only should ye seek me, willful men!
Depart; and sacrifice to me the tenth
Of all that earth may bear to you henceforth.
After due reverence to the priest ordain'd
To take it; he will lustrate you and bless
Your children."

Joyous they return'd, if joy
Ever found entrance in such lank abodes.
They brought the priest his tenth : he scowl'd on
them.

“Bring the tenth child,” cried he “The God we
serve
Delights in song, and song our God must have.”
“Few are now left us” said the weeping sires,
And hunger leaves not even voice behind,
Nor are all fit for it.”

“Begone, perverse !”
Cried he . . “but ere ye go I promise ye
We of our temple can bring voices out,
And they shall warble in our sacred choir :
The virgins we will shut from eyes profane.”
Sorrowing the Etrurians led their children forth
Devoted to the God of light and song.

THE ALTAR OF MODESTY.

Soon as the stranger turns his step away
From Lacedæmon, and pursues the road
Toward the towers of Elis, where a ford
Whitens with rippling wave the river-bank,
Sacred to Modesty an altar stood.
Hither the gentle Leda brought her child,
Her Helena, whom Theseus had borne off,
And thus reproved her, by none other heard.
“How couldst thou, Helena, leave house and home
And parent, and twin brothers, bright as stars?
With what discourse could Theseus tempt thee
hence?

He is not tender, is not bland, nor chaste,
Nor even young.

I too was once beguiled
By a white stately swan I loved to feed,
Who drove the rest away that followed him;
And wicked Theseus, then a boy, laught loud
Seeing my downcast eyes; and, when I turn'd
To chide him, *Ah poor Leda!* whined the rogue.
Once as I watcht him wrestling in the ring,
Me, tho' I stood far distant, he espied
And waddled nearer, and whined childishly
Poor Leda! what a pity! naughty swan!
And shaped his lips as deftly as he could
Into a beak; then from a reed within
Whistled low querulous notes, as swan may do;
Lastly, to crown his impudence, drew wings
Over his shoulders, shaking them outspread.

Where am I rambling? What has this to do

With such a folly as was his and thine ?
Tell me . . now we are seated . . all that past."

Then Helena . . but first sigh'd more than once.
"Blamable was our guest, but worse his friend
Pirithöos, who extol'd me far above
All other Spartan maids, and earnestly
Pointed me out to him. No, never more
In presence of Pirithöos will I dance,
Afraid to celebrate Diana's games."

"I want to hear of Theseus, not of him"
Said Leda. She obeyed.

"He prais'd the land
Of Cecrops, its convivial hours, its girls
Waving a golden tectinx in their hair,
Yet Helena's prefer'd he unadorn'd.
Brave, said he, were his countrimen, and mild
And facil were their Gods ; not Pallas' self
Beheld them ever with unkindly glance,
Standing among the Graces, and but shook
Her head at any little fault of theirs.
Harp, song, and dance, beneath the olive-trees,
He promist me, on turf where tymbrels shed
Showers of white blossoms on the sandal'd feet :
And then in autumn O what rites and games !
Such as when Bakkos, India's kings subdued
And India's tigers crouching under him,
Pronounced this one command, *Be happy all !*
Yet Theseus was himself most miserable ;
He said it, and, as if it were a crime
To suffer, humbly prayed me to forgive.
I was not merciless ; it was enough
To seem so in the midst of tears and sighs.

‘Who would,’ said I, ‘prefer the cares of love
That could beneath the shade of friendship rest
And hear the praises of himself and friend ;
Thine is Pirithöos, flourishing in youth
And ready to learn anything from thee,
And any danger at thy side incur,
Nearer to thee in years, and beautiful
As was the royal youth an eagle bore
From Ida, beautiful as he who fell
Beneath Apollo’s quoit ; but never hope
With me such praises ; never hope to calm
(Whatever thou persuadest me) my fears.’
Then he. ‘Not always is the ear content
With praises, nor with friendship is the breast :
Of this the girls of Sparta seem aware,
And often chide me for it. When we reach
Pandion’s city thou shalt prove thro life
Fond is the lover as is firm the friend.’

I answered, ‘There are others thou hast left,
Perfidious Theseus, in that ile afar
Where tower a hundred cities.’

Mother dear,
Now listen what he own’d and what denied.
We know how cruel Minos was, what law
When he had conquered Athens he imposed ;
Which to avoid, the father sent his son
Hither ; strong, ardent, uncontrollable,
Away he burst to lands where Zeus was born,
And there he slew the Minotaur : the thread
That guided him throughout that labyrinth’s
Intricate turns was Ariadne’s gift.
Nor was he faithless to her, but he loved

Me better, and he swore by every God
 Of late propitious to him, he who left
 Wealth, kingdom, beauty, should be mine alone ;
 Mine marble palaces, Hymettos mine,
 And that sweet honey from those thymy knolls
 Where only bees have anything to do.

Now, mother ! should I, can I, tell you more ?
 My poor old prying nurse, who really knows
 Many things, but imagines she knows more,
 Thinking I must be weary and might want
 To rest my ankles higher than the floor,
 Lifted up one above the couches edge ;
 Then down she stoopt that she might better peer.
 Well I remember it, because she trod
 On my loose hair ; then doubling under her
 Both knees, she looked quite close, sagaciously,
 Then, rising up, she spat behind her back,
 And then ran out, lifting in wonderment
 Her head aloft and spreading out both arms,
 Exclaimed, *Zeus ! Zeus ! be prais'd ! he hath pre-*
served

His child : then muttered she with scornful voice,
A hero ! of mad heroes most insane !
He indeed ! he slay Minotaurs ! I now
Believe he left the virgin on the shore
Of Dia ; what could he do else ? O age
Degenerate ! which for prowess can but boast
Such men as Theseus and Alcides are.
Ah ! in my day . . but all such days are past."

These words repeated by the unwary maid
 Sooth'd Leda's breast ; and softly fell her tears,
 Softly too fell her daughter's at the sight.

“Mother, I think I did not love him much,
I am quite sure I do not love him now,
And why I went with him I can not guess.
Do not be angry ; he will be ashamed
To come again, ashamed as much as I.
If I had not return’d you might have been
A little sorry, certainly I should,
But here you see me fresh and fond as ever.”
After a while said Leda, “Thou hast told
The happier part, and now relate the rest,
Nor canst thou do it in a fitter place ;
For here Odysseus* (unlike thy return)
Beneath love’s chaster torches carried home
Penelope. Her sire Icarios,
Altho he had approved the worthy choice,
Altho he had invited to his house
The future son, and altho far beyond
All others, brave, and wary, and expert
In household thrift was Laertiades,
And safe, with rocks around, his island stood,
Felt now the grief a parent ever feels
To lose a child.

The nuptial festival

Proroged his sorrows with his guests about,
For Bakkos wound with ivy and with flowers
Together Age and Youth upon that day.
All was well then, and jocund dreams enwrap
The soundly sleeping sire : but when arose

* Odysseus here recovers his proper name instead of *Ulysses*, he being neither Roman nor English. But it is only where those of his country are supposed to be speaking : in us it would be affectation : with us he is naturalized.

Morn, and he saw the coronels collapst
Droop down the chamber door, and heard the neigh
Of steeds, and saw the broken cates removed
From the piled table, then, ah then indeed
Sorrow, awhile remoter, prest again
Upon his temples, his ears sob'd, his knees
Gave way."

Then shuddered Helena, and said,
"How cruel was Odysseus thus to pain
Poor old Icaros."

"Crueller," replied
Leda, "is she who seeks a home unknown
Leaving a parent ignorant of her flight."

Strong as may grief be, curiosity
Creeps over and beyond it.

Leda, calm'd,
Could now resume her questioning ; she askt
What caus'd her error : Helena would turn
The question, and entreated to know more
About Penelope, and what result.
"Grant, O ye Gods ! she may be safe at home !"
Leda could now but smile, with gentle palm
Patted her cheek, and from her bosom drew
With finger slipping back the chin that dropt
Into it, obstinate to keep its place.
Then Helena, first looking round about,
Pursued her narrative.

"I will relate
The whole ; for now I see you will not ask
Such idle questions as the nurse, insane,
Else how could she deem me so tiger-like
As bite ? She gave me signs by nod and wink,

Finding her words convey no sense at all :
Hardly such rudeness can the crone object
To sister Clytemnestra : well you know,
Sweet mother, that your Helena was taught
Far different manners, nor would, even tho hurt,
Use tooth or nail, but tremble as the strings
Of a lyre tremble if swept all at once."

Leda, to hide her blushes, prest her face
On the fresh herbage, fearing to look up,
And twitcht unconsciously the brittle grass.
"He did not hurt thee, then ?"

"Quite the reverse ;

He swore he would not, and he kept his word :
Instead of hurting, he protected me
Completely."

"O ye Gods above !" exclaimed
The mother in alarm.

"Ah what a tale !

Yet, yet, go on with it ; lay bare the whole
And end with it my pangs of grief and fear.
Thou hast been shown by me that even the shy
Have err'd from steddiness ; how far hast thou !
If more austere thy sister than befits,
If at the wanton boys she stamps her foot,
Thou art too ready to incline an ear
To their excuses. I have seen thee stand,
Trip on, turn back, and ask what *can* they mean,
And wait, nor over-readily dismiss
The laughing urchins with responsive laugh.

Nature may throw a gloom o'er Modesty
But she serenest the brow with purer light,
Light pure as on Olympos Gods enjoy."

He bade me stay. We hear the tramp of steeds.
Away, cried he, and threw me on the car.
But my two brothers had come up : the bits
Drawn tightly in, the javelins vibrated.
Stay, robber ! they exclame, their angry eyes
Glaring like stars that struggle with a stream.
What ! arm'd against the unarm'd ! cried he in scorn,
Turning aside the points with open hand,
*Off, boys ! what would ye ? think ye that I dread
Your javelins ? no ; your youth, your parentage,
Awes me ; take homeward, take with you unharm'd
Your virgin sister ; for the Powers above
Have by sure omen disapproved my deed.*
Thus he ; and they abstain'd : then, to himself,
*Patiently bear thy vultur, patiently
Look down from thy chain'd neck and watch uptorne
Thy growing liver by insatiate beak ;
Rest, O Prometheus, on the piercing flints,
Endure the lightning on unclosing eyes,
Never hast thou endured love torne away
Upon the threshold from thine open arms."*

The maiden blusht as she began the tale
And sorrowed as she closed it : half afraid
Her mother might observe her, she besought
The sequel of Penelope : aware
Of her devices, Leda sweetly gazed
And thus began to moralize her tale.

" On those united by an equal love
Smiles every morning, every evening brings
Fresh hymenæals : youthful maid should find
A youthful husband ; such be thine, my child,
And ever mindful how chaste love excells

Unchaste, be thou Penelope, be thine
Odysseus.

I related how it grieved
Icarios to have bid his child farewell.
At first he turn'd away his tearful eyes,
And rested on the lintel of the door
His troubled brow ; but soon he heard the tramp
Of the car-horses and the rolling wheels
That grated near, then where the stones no more
Paved the highway and sounds came indistinct,
Brought to him only by the fitful breeze,
Rushing out wildly thro the city gate,
Broken in spirit, weak in sight, he saw
Odysseus, who had slackened now the reins
To hear more leisurely the low discourse
Of his beloved.

Thro deep husky groans,
In broken voice, *Restore my child !* he cried,
True, I did yield her to thee ; not so deaf
Wast thou that day, no, nor that day was I
Childless as now thou makest me: restore
My only daughter, my heart's sole delight,
My age's sole support. Thee many a maid
May please as well as she. O give her back
In pity, or come with me both again.

Odysseus heard and checkt and loost the reins.
The gentle daughter threw her left arm round
The old man's neck, and sooth'd his wrinkled cheek
With her warm tears : the youth had paus'd, then
spake.

Me Sparta might detain, me might the home
Of our Penelope, but home have I,

*Home, people, aged sire, and household gods,
Neglected never with impunity.*

*Pious! if thou art pious, said the sire,
Restore her: she is willing, as thou seest.*

Let her then choose, said he of Ithaca.

Penelope cast down her pallid brow
While her right hand held tight the hero's vest,
And sobs shook heavily her struggling heart.

*Choose, choose Icarios cried; remember her
Who bore thee; pity me.*

Fierce tortures wrung

Nor broke her silence.

Speak, Penelope!

Said softly her Odysseus. Round the neck
Paternal stil her arm was left, her face
Turn'd to the other side, her veil drawn close,
Heavy with tears, until with groan and gasp
The weak neck fell upon the neck less weak.
Sorrowful, and yet proud at heart, return'd
Icarios home: the elders his compeers
Came forth and envied him and soon consoled:
Hence was devoted (why wert thou away?)
That low turf altar rais'd to Modesty."

IPHIGENEIA AND AGAMEMNON.

IPHIGENEIA, when she heard her doom
At Aulis, and when all beside the king
Had gone away, took his right-hand, and said,
“O father! I am young and very happy.
I do not think the pious Calchas heard
Distinctly what the Goddess spake. Old-age
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood
While I was resting on her knee both arms
And hitting it to make her mind my words,
And looking in her face, and she in mine,
Might not he also hear one word amiss,
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus?”
The father placed his cheek upon her head,
And tears dropt down it, but the king of men
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more.
“O father! sayst thou nothing? Hear'st thou not
Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,
Listen'd to fondly, and awaken'd me
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
When it was inarticulate as theirs,
And the down deadened it within the nest?”
He moved her gently from him, silent stil,
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,
Altho' she saw fate nearer: then with sighs,
“I thought to have laid down my hair before
Benignant Artemis, and not have dimm'd
Her polisht altar with my virgin blood;
I thought to have selected the white flowers
To please the Nymphs, and to have askt of each

By name, and with no sorrowful regret,
Whether, since both my parents will'd the change,
I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow;
And (after these who mind us girls the most)
Adore our own Athena,* that she would
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes.
But, father! to see you no more, and see
Your love, O father! go ere I am gone . . .”
Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,
Bending his lofty head far over her's,
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.
He turn'd away; not far, but silent stil.
She now first shudder'd; for in him, so nigh,
So long a silence seem'd the approach of death,
And like it. Once again she rais'd her voice.
“O father! if the ships are now detain'd,
And all your vows move not the Gods above,
When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer
The less to them: and purer can there be
Any, or more fervent than the daughter's prayer
For her dear father's safety and success?”
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
An aged man now enter'd, and without
One word, stept slowly on, and took the wrist
Of the pale maiden. She lookt up, and saw
The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes.
Then turn'd she where her parent stood, and cried
“O father! grieve no more: the ships can sail.”

* Pallas Athena was the patroness of Argos.

PENELOPE AND PHEIDO.

PHEIDO.

HA ! what strange stories these old people tell !
Will you believe me, gracious lady queen ?
Yesterday-eve behind this figtree sate
Melantheus and that idler Iros, he
Who breaks more bread than the best workman
 earns,
And seem'd contending which should lie the most.

PENELOPE.

What did they talk about ?

PHEIDO.

Why, they discourst
About our lord, be sure, as all men do.
Iros, who scratcht his shoulder, said he tried
To shirk the ships that were afloat for Troy.
I could well-nigh have smitten him, but thought
So wise a man, with such a queen for wife,
So beautiful, so provident of corn
And oil and wine, must suddenly have lost
His wits, by sun-stroke, or magician's wand
Or witches charm, to leave her willingly.

PENELOPE.

Willingly not, but duteously ; the Gods
Urged him, and he obey'd : the chiefs of Greece
Knew that they wanted much his prudent mind,
Kings tho they were, to counsel them aright.

There was no folly in their thinking so.
Brave as he was, he would have staid at home,
But Hellas rose in arms to punish fraud
And rapine. When he left me, tears he shed,
Which he had never done but on that day
When on his mother's breast he cried for milk
And milk was there no longer. He was born
For glory.

PHEIDO.

O sweet mistress ! what is that ?

PENELOPE.

To carry arms, and quell thereby the proud.

PHEIDO.

Here are no robbers in these blessed realms,
Here in our Ithaca no boars, no wolves
No dragons : glory then is gone abroad,
Unless it may be found in cestuses.

PENELOPE.

But there are monarchs, far across the sea,
Proud monarchs, and they boast of sons as proud,
Who steal the wives of those who trusted them,
And purple robes therewith and treasured gold
And silver.

PHEIDO.

May the Gods guide safely home
Our master ! Will he bring back purple robes,
Silver, and gold ? he should have more than half.

But O those purple robes ! how they will suit
The lovely shoulders of our gracious queen.
Do thou, Poseidon, let them come unhurt
Upon our shores ; for thy salt waves might wash
The colour out ; chide them, forbid them thou !
Pray to him, O sweet lady ! for your prayers
Will reach him sooner than your handmaid's could ;
Beside, the wealthy always can prevail
With gifts ; and upon Neritos are kids
And goats in plenty, easy to be caught
If they know Gods are waiting.

PENELOPE.

We will think
About this matter ; but Laertes first
Must be consulted : he knows every kid
And goat upon the rocks there.

Now lay by
The yarn, and leave this figtree for yon vines,
Where I can trust thee better than the rest
Of all my maidens ; for thy truthful tongue
Never laid blame upon the wasp when gaps
I found among the bunches ; go, and cull
The ripest ; thou shalt have two figs for each.

PHEIDO.

All the blue figs lie slit upon the wall
For winter use, and little lizards keep,
With never-closing eye and panting heart,
Watch and ward over them against the flies
And ants, and hold those fast with viscous tongue,
Sharp-pointed, swiftly out and swiftly in.

The green and yellow are ungathered yet
Mostly. Telemakos is tall enough
To help me up with hand below my heel,
And shoulder close against the trunk applied.

PENELOPE.

Telemakos plies other work : he mends
The nets to catch those busy birds that hang
Tail downward and inflict sad wounds on fig.

Away ! but come back soon, and then for woof.
Idleness ill befits a royal house :
The husbandman, who labors hard may rest
In the midday, and thereby shorten night.

ACHILLES AND HELENA ON IDA.

HELENA.

WHERE am I? O ye blessed ones above,
Desert me not! ye Twain who brought me hither!
Was it a dream?

Stranger! thou seemest thoughtful;
Couldst thou not answer me? why silent? speak,
I do implore thee.

ACHILLES.

Neither they nor feet
Of mules have borne thee where thou standest,
Helena!
Whether 'twas in the hour of early sleep
Or whether 'twas in morning's, know I not,
But Aphrodite, listening to my prayer,
And Thetis with her, gentle as herself,
Have wafted thee into these solitudes,
And to me also pointed out the way,
That I the pride of Sparta might behold
And the Earth's marvel. How my heart expands,
But agonizes too, at thee, the cause
To Hellas of innumerable woes.

HELENA.

Stranger! thy voice, thy stature, and thy mien
Approve thee one whom Goddesses and Gods
Might well conduct and glory in; but who,
If earthly, art thou?

ACHILLES.

Son of Peleus am I.

Tremble not, turn not pale, bend not thy knee.

HELENA.

Spare me, thou Goddess-born ! thou cherisht son
Of silver-footed Thetis ! Sure, Chryseis
And she who rais'd within thy generous breast
More pity than disdain for cruel wrong,
Briseis, now might soften it : lead not
Me too into captivity. Ah ! woes
I have brought down on Hellas ; on myself
Have fallen woes, and will for ever fall.

ACHILLES.

Daughter of Zeus ! what words are thine ! they raise
No pity in my breast, none needest thou
Within my reach to give, but bitter wrath
Thou raisest at indignity and wrong.
Chryseis, daughter of that aged priest
Who in this land performs due sacrifice
To his Apollo, was another's lot.
Insolent and unworthy, he hath brought
More sorrows on our people even than thou,
And dogs and vultures prey upon the brave
Who fell without a wound.

Mine is indeed

Briseis, chaste and beautiful Briseis,
He contumacious, proud at once and base
Would tear her from me.

Gods above ! what land
Behold ye where the wolf hath dared to seize

Kid which a lion hath taken.

Never fear
Mortal shall lead thee into servitude ;
What impious wretch would dare it ? hath not Zeus
Thundered above these mountains ? Doth not he,
Wide-seeing, see all earth but Ida ? watch
Over all creatures but his progeny ?
Capaneus and Typhœus less offended
Than would the wretch whose grasp should violate
The golden hair of Helena.

Tremblest thou,
Irresolute, distrustful ?

HELENA.

I must tremble,
And more and more.

ACHILLES.

Then take my hand.

HELENA.

And may I ?
May I ? and hold it ? I am comforted,

ACHILLES.

The scene around us, calm and silent, ought
To comfort thee : turnest thou to survey it ?
Perhaps it is unknown to thee.

HELENA.

'Tis so.
Since my arrival I have never gone
Beyond the city-walls.

ACHILLES.

Gaze freely then,
Perplexed no longer. Pleasant are these downs,
Pleasant the level eminence, by broom
Surrounded, and with myrtle underneath
And crispleaved beech and broad dark pine above.
Rare place for boars : why are my dogs at home,
And where for sylvan sport my leisure hours.

HELENA.

But those are gloomy places, not so this.
Frightful are boars and wolves and such like things.
But here how pretty is the slender grass
Bent by the glossy insects as they climb
Or light upon it, or upon the tall
Sisterhoods of grey lavender ! their names
I recollect now I have found them here
Within this very hour and seen them close.
The dark-eyed cistus and gay citisus.
Are here too.

ACHILLES.

Wonderful ! how couldst thou learn
To name so many plants ?

HELENA.

I could name ten.
Look ! see the little troops of serpolet
Running in wild disorder here and there.
Thou knowest these perhaps and many more.

ACHILLES.

Keiron taught *me*, while walking at his side
And he was culling herbs to cure the hurt
His brother Centaurs might in play recieve.
Wonderous his knowledge ; I was proud to learn.
Sometimes he seated me and made me sing :
Sometimes he took the lyre and sang himself.
At intervals I catch the fleeting words
He sang to me.

HELENA.

He sang of war, no doubt.
Repeat his words, if thou art loth to sing.

ACHILLES.

*Look at those yellow poppies ! were the words
They are come out to catch whate'er the sun
Will throw into their cups ; their faces show
Their joyance. Son of Peleus ! they begin
Their nodding dance, and wait but for the lyre.*

HELENA.

Childish ! for one with such a spear against
His shoulder ; even its shadow terrible,
It seems to make a chasm across the plain.

ACHILLES.

To talk or think as children think and talk
Is not at all times such a proof of folly ;
There may be hours when it shall push aside
Griefs, where the strength of graver wisdom fails.

HELENA.

But Keiron, when he sang to thee of flowers
Show'd little.

ACHILLES.

To his lyre he sang the loves
Of Hyacinthos and Narcissos, brought
Back by the Hours on their unwearied feet,
Regular in their courses as the stars.
Many of the trees and bright-eyed flowers once lived
And moved, and even spoke, as we are speaking.
Memories they yet may have, tho they have cares
No longer.

HELENA.

They then have no memories,
They see their beauty only.

ACHILLES.

Helena !

Thou turnest pale and droopest.

HELENA.

Gum or blossom
Or this high place, or something else unseen,
Hath made me dizzy : can it be the wind ?

ACHILLES.

Air there is none.

HELENA.

I wish there were a little.

ACHILLES.

Be seated now.

HELENA.

The feeble are obedient.

ACHILLES.

'Twas on this very ground where we repose
They who conducted me by certain signs
Told me the prize of beauty was awarded.
One of them smiled ; the other, whom in duty
I love the most, lookt anxious and let fall
Some tears.

HELENA.

Yet she was not one of the vanquisht.

ACHILLES.

Goddesses then contended. Helena
Was absent, and too young.

HELENA.

Alas ! how fatal
Was the decision of the arbiter.
Could not thy sire the venerable Peleus,
And could not Pyrrhos, child so beautiful
And helpless, have detain'd thee from this war ?

ACHILLES.

No reverence and no friendship for the race
Of Atreus brought me against Troy ; I hate,
Detest and execrate alike both brothers ;

Another is more odious to me stil,
I will forbear to name him. The brave man
Holding the hearth as sacred as the temple,
Violates never hospitality.
He carries not away the gold he finds
Within the house, folds not up purple linen
Workt for solemnities, conveying it
Stealthily from the cedar chest to stow
In the dark ship, together with a wife
Confided to him by her absent lord.
I will not say to love thee was a crime ;
Priam or Nestor might, even at their years,
But to avow and act on the avowal
Is what the Gods, if righteous, will chastise.

HELENA.

But Aphrodite urged me, day and night,
Telling me that to make her break her vow
To Paris was inexpiable sin.
So she told Paris at the selfsame hours,
And quite as often, he repeated it
Every morning, showing how his dreams
Tallied with mine exactly. So, at last . . .

ACHILLES.

The last is not yet come. By all the Gods
If I should ever meet him, face to face
I with this spear transfix him.

HELENA.

Pray, do not,
For Aphrodite never would forgive thee.

ACHILLES.

I am not sure of that ; she soon forgets.
Variable as Iris, she one day
Favors, the next forsakes.

HELENA.

She may forsake
Me then !

ACHILLES.

But other Deities
Watch over and protect thee. Thy brave brothers
Are with them at this very hour, and they
Are never absent from their festivals.

HELENA.

Oh ! were they living ! that thou couldst have seen
them !

ACHILLES.

Companions of my father on the Phasis
They were his guests before they went, all three,
To hunt the boar of Calydon ; that day
Brought many sorrows upon brave men's hearts,
A woman was the cause.

HELENA.

Horrible creature !
The boar, I mean . . Didst thou not see the Twins ?

ACHILLES.

I saw them not ; desirous as I was
That I might learn from them and practice with
them

Whatever is most laudable and manly.
My father, fearing my impetuosity
(Old men will call it so) and inexperience
Sent me away. Soothsayers had foretold
Some mischief to me from an arrow-wound :
Among the brakes an arrow may fly wide,
Glancing from trees.

HELENA.

Hadst thou but seen the Twins!
Tho 'twere but once. The Sun will never shine
With his bright eyes upon such youths again.
Ah my brave brothers ! how they tended me !
How loved me ! often wishing me to mount
Each his horse first : they made me poise and hurl
Their javelins : they would teach me archery . .
But they could only teach me to swim with them :
It gratified me rather to be prais'd
For anything than swimming.

Happy hours !

Soon over ! does then happiness depart
Sooner than beauty ? Surely it might stay
That little while.

Dear Kastor ! Polydeukes
Stil dearer ! often shall I think of you
As you were, and as I was, on the bank
Of the Eurotas.

ACHILLES.

Is there not at home
One once as dear ?

HELENA.

Ah poor Hermione !
A babe was she who could not play with me,
Yet 'twas my pride and pleasure to survey
Her roseate fingers on my unrobed breast :
And I could almost envy then the goat
That stamp'd and feebly cried to give her milk.
My brothers teased her for it, wicked pair !
Terrible, and almost as beautiful
As thou art. Be not wroth ; blush not for me.

ACHILLES.

Helena ! Helena of Menelaos !
My mother is reported to have left
About me only one part vulnerable ;
I have at last found where it is. Farewell !

HELENA.

O leave me not ! I do beseech, I implore,
Leave me not thus alone ! these solitudes
Are terrible : wild beasts must roam among them ;
There certainly are Fauns and Satyrs, there
Cybele, who bears towers upon her head,
Abhorring Aphrodite, persecuting
All those *she* favors ; and her priests so cruel
That they are cruel even to themselves.

She sees grim lions yoked before her car
And hears their dismal roar, and sits serene.

ACHILLES.

They who have brought thee hither in a cloud
Will reconduct thee in a cloud, unseen
And safely, to the city : be thou sure.
Daughter of Leda and of Zeus, farewell !
Not even this arm could save thee if our host
Saw thee descending, trust the Gods who can,
The Gods who sent me hither to announce
That Helena shall close her eyes in Greece.

CORYTHOS.

CENONE had been weeping, but the blast
Bitterly cold had dried her tears, for high
Upon the mountain stood she, where the grass
Was short and dry, and where the fir-tree cones
Roll'd as the whirlwind rusht along the down.
Thence she beheld the walls and temples doom'd
So soon to fall, and view'd her husband's roof,
(Hers he was once, altho another's now)
And call'd their Corythos from out the wood.

“Go,” said she, “go, my child! there is at Troy
One who, without thy mother, may love *thee*.
Thy father lives . . alas! lives unaware
How few before him lie his destined days :
For now from Lemnos Philoctetes comes
And brings with him the deadly shafts bequeath'd
By Hercules, wherewith, the Fates have sung,
Paris must perish and the city fall.
Hated thou wilt not be by her he loves,
Altho no child she ever bore to him
And thou art mine, if thou canst but delay
The hour foredoom'd : he may remember days
Of other times, and how serene they were,
Days when the poplar on its bark retain'd
Two names inscribed by him, and when invoked
Was Xanthos to bear witness to his vow.
When his lost son hath saved him, and he knows
He may not be ungrateful, but become
The kinder father for unkindness past.”

She mingled kisses with o'erflowing tears,
Embraced him, then consigned him . . not at once . .

To Agelaos : he was oft recall'd,
And urged with admonitions fresh and fresh
To keep as distant as was possible
From wave sail-whitened and insidious shore,
And every spot where Argive rampires rose.

Downward, thro crags and briars they wend their
way.

Fixt to the place, she heard not long the shout
Of Corythos, nor outcry of shrill birds
He pelted, whooping ; then she turn'd around
Toward her mountain home, and thus exclaim'd . .

“ Mountains and woods, the birthplace of my
child,

I see ye yet ! he, dearer to my eyes,
Is lost to them ! Paris, once gone, return'd
No more to me ! alas ! nor love remains
Nor pledge of love ! not only have I lost
Him who might bring again to me past hours
By countenance, by mien, by sound of laugh,
By words persuasive, when presaging fear
Darkened my brow, that cause was none for grief,
I have lost here . . how little if success
Follow the loss ! . . all solace, all support !
All things beside are just the same around.
Xanthos and Simöis tremble at the touch
Of early morning ; then approaches me
Tenedos, one unbroken mass distinct,
And sidelong surges overleap the cliffs.
I am changed nothing ; nothing can I change :
Such is the life of Nymphs ; it must not cease,
Nor must the comeliness of youth decay.

Wretched ! what look I back on ? that frail gift

And fugitive, which others grasp, I mourn.

Ænone! O Ænone! beauteous once
He thought thee; he whom thou wilt ever hold
Beauteous and dear, now sees thee like the snow
That lost its colour in a southern gale.

How easy is it to snap off the bud
Of tender life, and sow upon a breast
Laid open ineradicable cares!
How soon droops youth when faith, that propt it,
fails!

How often in her anguish would the maid
Recall irrevocable hours, and grieve
Most for the man whose future grief she sees!

Asteropè, my sister! happy thou
In him who loves but one! canst thou believe
That Æsacos and Paris are cognate?
But him the mild Arisbè bore; and him,
Born of a furious River, Hecuba.

I envy not alone the happier wed,
But even the wretched who avoid the light,
The unmarried too whose parents turn'd aside
Their nuptial torch, and widows o'er whose beds
Black wreaths are drooping; for the pang that death
Inflicts, time may, tho time alone, assuage.

Where Nile besprinkles from his lotus-cup
The nuptial floor; where sacred Ganges rolls
Alike inscrutable his vaster stream,
If Memnon's mother sheds ambrosial tears
Before the sun arises; if, ye maids
Of ocean, in the refuge of your caves
Ye daily hear your Thetis wail her loss,
Shunning wise Glaucos, deaf to Triton's shell,

To Doris, and the Nymphs that wait around;
If maids and matrons wail'd o'er Hector's corse,
Mangled, and stretcht upon a tardy bier,
Hector was stil Andromache's, as when
He drave before him the Achaian host,
As when he tost his infant to his crest
And laught that Hector's child could ever fear.

What fault was ever mine, unless to love
And be deserted, and to pass my nights
Among the haunts of beasts, where wolves and bears
Break my first slumber, and my last, with howls,
And the winds roar incessant from above?
Perhaps the Gods hereafter may look down
With gentler eyes, nor deem my fault so great.
Howe'er it be, may Corythos be blest
With other days, with better than pursuit
Of stag, or net thrown over birds when driven
By cold and hunger to scant oats unhous'd . .
O may they grant him happier, and forbid
That children suffer when their sires transgress."

Meanwhile the youth was stopping near the walls,
And stood there wondering that e'en those, so vast,
So lofty, had resisted such a host
Under so many tents on all sides round.
"But where is that old figtree? where the scene
Of Hector and Achilles face to face?
Where that of Venus when she drew the cloud
Around my father to preserve his life?"

Such were his questions, siezing the guide's hand,
Hurrying him onward, and entreating him
Forthwith to lead him into Troy itself,
Even into Priam's house. Thus Agelaos

Represses him.

“Thy mother’s sole command
Was *Onward! strait to Helena’s abode.*”

An aged man, who heard the two converse,
Stopt them.

“O Dardan” cried the impatient boy,
“Say where dwells Helena?”

With sterner voice
“Go,” said the Dardan, “the destroyer’s court
To all is open . . . there it lies : pass on.”
The youth threw instantly both arms around
The old man’s neck, and, “Blessed” he exclaim’d,
“Blessed, to whom my mother’s injuries
Are hateful ! It is virtue so to hate
The wicked Spartan. Here none other house
Than Priam’s will I enter, where with his
Abides my father, where Andromachè
Prostrate on earth bemoans her husband slain,
While that bold wanton, fearing neither Pan
Nor Zeus, with busy needle works, I ween,
For other temples golden tapestries,
Or twitches the shrill harp with nail of Sphynx.”

Many, as they were speaking, past them by.
One woman, pausing, askt them if the ships
Could be discern’d from Ida whence they came,
And whether favorable were the winds
For their departure : to the eld she spake,
But gazed upon the youth : he saw her cheeks
Redden and pale : his guide too, not unmoved,
Thought, if in Ilion be such beauty, who
Would turn a glance elsewhere, tho all the Gods
And all the Goddesses might promise more ?

Now saw the youth, nor had he seen til now,
The maidens following her ; their vests succinct,
Their hair close-braided ; faultless all in form,
All modest in demeanour. Not so fast
The motion of his heart when rusht the boar
Into his toils, and knotty cornel spear
Whiz'd as it struck the bristles, and the tusks
Rattled with knashing rage thro boiling blood.

Whither were going they, she gently askt.
"To where Assaracos and Ilos dwelt,"
Replied the elder, "where dwells Paris now."
Then she, "The way is safer shown by us,
And sooner will ye find him when he leaves
The citadel. At early dawn he heard
A clamour from the coast ; and soon a skiff
Was seen : an old man landed ; one alone
Came with him ; 'twas Odysseus ; more behind.
Soon roam'd the sailors, culling on the coast
Bay and verbena ; soon was every prow
Glimmering with these unhoped-for signs of peace."

Shaking his head, the Idæan answered thus.
" 'Twas surely Philoctetes who arrived.
The arms he bears were those of Hercules,
And now the bow of Nessos, and the shafts
Infected by the Hydra, come against
The falling city of Laomedon."

Struck by the words she heard, the more she wisht
To hear, the quicker went she on, and bade
Her damsels hasten too : she did look back,
Yet hasten'd. The Idæan strangers moved
Tardily now thro crowds who stood before
The house of Hector : there they stood ; there came

Widows and maids and matrons, carrying
Honey (the outraged Manes to appease)
And children on their shoulders, who lookt up,
Stretching their eyes, stretching their bodies out
To see their equal-aged Astyanax.

The older and the younger wept alike
At the morn silence : all things were laid waste
Around the roof-tree of their hero's house.

The palace now they reach where Paris dwelt ;
They wonder at the wide and lofty dome,
The polisht columns and the brazen forms
Of heroes and of Gods, and marble steps,
And valves resounding at the gates unbarr'd.
They enter them. What ivory ! and what gold !
What breathing images depicted there !
Dædalos had enricht the Cretan king
With divers ; and his daughter when she fled
With Theseus, who had slain the Minotaur,
Brought part away within his hollow ship ;
And these were Helena's : a scient hand
Drew her, the fairest, foremost into light
Among the girls she danced with, while the Gods
Of heaven and ocean gazed on her alone.
Above them sate the Sire of all, and nigh
She who on Cypros landed from her shell ;
Curl'd conchs less bright the round-eyed Tritons blew.

Helena sent for Paris : what had said
The shepherd she related, but one fact
Repressing . . who the mother of the boy,
And whom the boy resembled. Such was once
Paris, the guest of Sparta ; but ten years
Had cull'd and carried off the flower of youth.

She thought not in these moments of his flight
Inglorious from the spear of Diomed,
Of nearer peril thought she; he, reclined
Upon his purple couch, her fear controll'd.

“No Philoctetes is arrived, afar
Sits he, alone upon the Lesbian rock,
Heavy with mortal wound; a wing drives off
The beasts from worrying their expected prey,
Often he waves it o'er his weary head
Lest vulture settle on it, often sees
The brazen breast of eagle close above,
Too weak his voice to scare it off, too weak
His groans, tho louder. Thinkest he who bore
All this from faithless friend, who sits athirst,
Ahungered, on the beach, who bends his ear
Down to the earth and hears the pulse of oars
Fainter and fainter, and the seaman's song
Lively as ever, and while he bemoans
His wasting and immedicable wound . .
What can Lernæan arrow do against us?
Grant, if that far-famed bowman limp across
The heavy sands crisp with Achaian gore,
Year after year, in flakes not washt away,
Where lies our danger? He but comes to find
Broken the chariot that had drag'd along
Hector, the blackened pyre where Ajax lies,
The corslet of Patroclos. Lo, O Troy!
Those mighty hands that threaten now thy fall!
Now is the time for us to turn our backs,
To leave our heritage, to leave the fane
Of Pallas, fane inviolate till now,
The roofs that Neptune helpt her to erect,

And over which Apollo, shining forth
And shouting and exhorting, bent his bow.
An old man bears an older on his back,
Odysseus Philoctetes. Aye, 'tis time,
My Helena, our footsteps to retrace
Toward Mycænai : let us bear away
Our household Gods, by former wars unmoved . .
Carry thou the Palladion in thy breast
That trembles so with pious fear, and bring
Gifts to Diana on Taygetos !
The rampire of the Achaians is o'erthrown ;
The Myrmidons are scattered ; every tent
Lies open . . that is little . . for, behold !
A lame man wins the race and grasps the prize !
While dark invidious Heré exercised
Her hatred on her judge, and arm'd the son
Of Tydeus, and while Ajax rear'd his shield
Covered with seven bull-hides, and Nereid-born
The proud Æmonian shook Aetion's towers,
Thy fears, even then, I might, in jest, rebuke.
On me no prowess have the Gods bestow'd ?
No Venus, no Apollo, favored *me* ! ”

Her failing spirits with derisive glee
And fondness he refresht : her anxious thoughts
Followed, and upon Corythos they dwelt.
Often he met her eyes, nor shun'd they his,
For, royal as she was and born of Zeus,
She was compassionate, and bow'd her head
To share her smiles and griefs with those below.
All in her sight were level, for she stood
High above all within the seagirt world.
At last she questioned Corythos what brought

His early footsteps thro such dangerous ways,
And from abode so peaceable and safe.
At once he told her why he came : she held
Her hand to him : now first was he ashamed
Not to have hated her : he looks, he sighs,
He hangs upon her words . . what gentle words !
How chaste her countenance.

“ What open brows
The brave and beauteous ever have !” said she,
“ But even the hardiest, when above their heads
Death is impending, shudder at the sight
Of barrows on the sands and bones exposed
And whitening in the wind, and cypresses
From Ida waiting for dissever'd friends.”

CORYTHOS.

(SECOND PART.)

HELENA long had pondered, at what hour
To charm her Paris with the novel sight
Of such a son, so like him.

Seldom bears

A beauteous mother beauteous progeny,
Nor fathers often see such semblances
As Corythos to his. To mortal man
Rarely the Gods grant the same blessing twice ;
They smile at incense, nor give ear to prayer.
With this regretful thought her mind recurs
To one so infantine, one left behind
At morning, from the breast she just had warm'd.
“ Will no one ever tell me what thou art,
Hermionè ! how grows thy destined spouse
Orestes.”

Now invade her other cares
How to retain her Paris . . oft she wisht
She had a boy like Corythos . . at least
Hers she would make him by all tenderness,
Atoning, if atonement there could be,
For what his mother by her crime sustain'd . .
But was it not decreed so from above ?
She argued . . and remorse was thus appeas'd.

Then Agelaos call'd she, and besought.
“ Perform, O Agelaos, my request.

Two youths have been entrusted to thy care,
Paris and Corythos : one care is mine.
Already hast thou seen the torch extinct
That threatened Troy, and strong as be thy wish

Again to press thy earlier pupil's hand,
Be not thou overhasty : let a son
Receive a father's blessing quite alone."
Then he. "Not different were the wise commands
His mother gave me. Should I see the man
I left a child, he might not recognise
Old Agelaos in these wrinkled cheeks,
These temples sprinkled now with hoary hair,
These limbs now slow, this voice and spirit weak ;
Nor haply would the prince be overjoyed
To know his servant had outrun his lord
In virtue's path : my help the royal heir
Wants not ; but Corythos may want it, him
Never until death parts us will I leave."

Revolving in her mind a thousand schemes,
She now decided that her guest should come
Before his father when the harp and wine
Open the breast, and the first lamps were lit
To show the dauntless unsuspecting youth ;
She oftentimes had thought of it before,
And now the day was come.

The Trojans turn'd

Again to strains of intermitted glee,
Not unafraid, however, of reproof
Tho mild ; the times had so debased the lyre,
And for heroic deeds of better men,
It tinkled now, in city and in camp,
With little else than weak lasciviousness,
Until its strings were stifled with applause.
Helena heard not such complacently ;
Adultrous as she was, she had not lost
The early bloom of Spartan modesty.

Around the chamber shone the images

Of boys and maidens robed in vest succinct,
And holding burnisht lamps, whence incence wreath'd
Its heavy cloud whitened with cedar oil,
And under them the purple seats gleam'd forth,
And over was the residence of Gods,
And nectar-bearing youth, in light serene.

Helena, now impatient of delay,
Looks often out the portal's tissued folds
Heavy with fringe of interwoven gold,
And often stops when even Paris speaks,
Listening, but not to Paris as before,
And, once or twice, half springing from her seat.

Now enters Corythos : the splendors round
Amaze him, and one image strikes him dumb,
His lofty sire's : he would advance, but awe
Withholds him : he can only fix his gaze
On Helena.

When Paris first percieves
A stranger, of fresh age and ardent mien,
Advance, then hesitate, and then retreat
Disturb'd and trembling, voiceless, motionless,
Nameless, and without call or office there,
And when he sees the purple robe he wears,
Woven by Helena in former days,
Perhaps too for the man she since had loved,
A thousand furies rush into his breast,
He tears it off, he hurls it on the ground,
He strikes with rapid sword, the face, the neck,
The bosom, of his child, and with his heel
Stamps on the hands in vain to heaven uprais'd,
And hears, infuriate wretch ! but bubbling blood,
And one loud female shriek . . *Thy child ! thy child !*

PELEUS AND THETIS.

THETIS.

O PELEUS ! whom the Gods have given me
For all my happiness on earth, a bliss
I thought too great. . .

PELEUS.

Why sighest thou ? why shed
Those tears ? why sudden silence ? our last tears
Should then have fallen when the Fates divided us,
Saying, earth is not thine ; that he who rules
The waters call'd thee. Bitter those that flow
Between the loved and loving when they part,
And ought to be ; woe to the inhuman wretch
Who wishes they were not : but such as fall
At the returning light of blessed feet
Should be refreshing and divine as morn.

THETIS.

Support me, O support me in thy arms
Once more, once only. Lower not thy cheek
In sadness ; let me look into thine eyes ;
Tho the heavens frown on us, they, now serene,
Threaten us no fresh sorrow . . *us ?* ah me !
The word of Zeus is spoken : our Achilles
Discovered, borne away in the Argive ships
To Aulis, froward youth ! his fearless heart
Had bounded faster than those ships to Troy.
Ah ! surely there are some among the Gods

Or Goddesses who might have, knowing all,
Forewarn'd thee.

Were there neither auguries
Nor dreams to shake off thy security,
No priest to prophecy, no soothsayer ?
And yet what pastures are more plentiful
Than round Larissa ? victims where more stately ?
Come, touch the altar with me.

Pious man,
Doth not thy finger even now impress
The embers of an incense often burnt
For him, for thee ?

The lowing of the herds
Are audible, whose leaders lead them forth
For sacrifice from where Apidanos
Rises, to where Enipeus widens, lost
In the sea-beach : and these may yet avail.

PELEUS.

Alas ! alas ! priests may foretell calamity
But not avert it : all that they can give
Are threats and promises and hopes and fears.
Despond not, long-lost Thetis ! hath no God
Now sent thee back to me ? why not believe
He will preserve our son ? which of them all
Hath he offended ?

THETIS.

Yet uncertainties,
Worse than uncertainties, oppress my heart,
And overwhelm me.

PELEUS.

Thetis ! in the midst
Of all uncertainties some comfort lies,
Save those which even perplex the Gods on high
And which confound men the most godlike . . love,
Despond not so. Long may Achilles live
Past our old-age . . *ours* ? had I then forgot,
Dazed by thy beauty, thy divinity ?

THETIS.

Immortal is thy love, immutable.

PELEUS.

Time without grief might not have greatly changed
me.

THETIS.

There is a loveliness which wants not youth,
And which the Gods may want, and sometimes do.
The soft voice of compassion is unheard
Above ; no shell of ocean is attuned
To that voice there ; no tear hath ever dropt
Upon Olympos.

Fondly now as ever
Thou lookest, but more pensively ; hath grief
Done this, and grief alone ? tell me at once,
Say have no freshly fond anxieties . . .

PELEUS.

Smile thus, smile thus anew. Ages shall fly
Over my tomb while thou art flourishing

In youth eternal, the desire of Gods,
The light of Ocean to its lowest deep,
The inspirer and sustainer here on earth
Of ever-flowing song.

THETIS.

I bless thy words
And in my heart will hold them ; Gods who see
Within it may desire me, but they know
I have loved Peleus. When we were so happy
They parted us, and, more unmerciful,
Again unite us in eternal woe.

PELEUS.

Powerfuller than the elements their will,
And swifter than the light, they may relent,
For they are mutable, and thou mayst see
Achilles every day and every hour.

THETIS.

Alas ! how few ! . . I see him in the dust,
In agony, in death, I see his blood
Along the flints, his yellow hair I see
Darken'd, and flapping a red stream, his hand
Unable to remove it from the eyes.
I hear his voice . . his voice that calls on *me*.
I could not save him ; and he would have left
The grots of Nereus, would have left the groves
And meadows of Elysium, bent on war.

PELEUS.

Yet Mars may spare him. Troy hath once been won.

THETIS.

Perish he must, perish at Troy, and now.

PELEUS.

The *now* of Gods is more than life's duration ;
Other Gods, other worlds, are form'd within it.
If he indeed must perish, and at Troy,
His ashes will lie softly upon hers,
Thus fall our beauteous boy, thus fall Achilles.
Songs such as Keiron's harp could never reach
Shall sound his praises, and his spear shall shine
Over far lands, when even our Gods are mute.

THETIS.

Over his head nine years had not yet past
When in the halls of Tethys these were words
Reiterated oftenest . . . *O thou brave*
Golden-hair'd son of Peleus ! What a heap
Of shells were broken by impatient Nymphs
Because of hoarseness rendering them unfit
For their high symphonies ! and what reproofs
Against some Tritons from their brotherhood
For breaking by too loud a blast the slumber
Of those who, thinking of him, never slept.
To me appeared the first light of his eyes,
The dayspring of the world ; such eyes were thine
At our first meeting on the warm sea-shore.

Why should youth linger with me ? why not come
Age, and then death ? The beast of Kalydon
Made his impetuous rush against this arm
No longer fit for war nor for defence

Of thy own people ; is the day come too,
When it no longer can sustain thy Thetis ?
Protend it not toward the skies, invoke not,
Name not, a Deity ; I dread them all.
No ; lift me not above thy head, in vain
Reproving them with such an awful look,
A look of beauty which they will not pity,
And of reproaches which they may not brook.

PELEUS.

Doth not my hand now, Thetis, clasp that foot
Which seen the Powers of ocean cease to rage,
Indignant when the brood of *Æolus*
Disturbs their rest ? If that refreshing breath
Which now comes over my unquiet head
Be not the breath of immortality,
If Zeus hath any thunderbolt for it,
Let this, beloved Thetis, be the hour !

THE ESPOUSALS OF POLYXENA.

“THY blood, O pious maiden! shall remain
In thy own city; and thou shalt survive
Its foe who now espouses thee.”

The song

Of the three Sisters in three voices sang
These words, so comforting a mother's heart
To her Polyxena; and from the shrine
Of Thymbra, from Apollo's mouth the same
When she had led her thither.

“Future days

Of peace and happiness,” said she “expand
Before thee, and thou seest them not, O child!
Pious, yet even by that God's voice unmoved.
Behold! how bright the sky! how sweet the air
Breathes round about us! sweet when we came forth,
But how much balmier now! the flowers arise
Under the spring's first dust, as if no foot
Of foe had trampled them, and sip the dew
Joyous as if they felt thy wedding-day.
Continuous heaps extend along the plain,
Heaps where one briar binds more than one below,
Foes lately, now united evermore.”

“I see the flowers, I see the sepultures”

Polyxena said sighing, “and I feel
The breeze, no balmier than it breath'd before:
That tepid moisture which the plants inhale
Was theirs; and ah! those flowers were Trojan blood.
Not other now shines forth thy light, O sun,
Than when the Achaian anchors graspt our strand

Amid the clamor of the host, amid
Cars rattling on the stony beach, and shields
Struck in defiance. Ah! nor otherwise
When every God left Hector”

Here she wept,
Here wept the mother too.

“But why thus break
Silence, if only to make way for grief?
I had ceast almost so deeply to bemoan
My children when Achilles was defence,
Not terror, to us all. Canst thou refuse
To see the Gods now with him, friends to Troy?
King above kings, rich with ancestral stores,
And now about to bring all Asia bound
Into Mycenai, and, despite of Mars,
Polyxena, thee now doth he prefer
To all these glories: ere they yet were won,
Iphigeneia never had declined
His proffer'd hand while yet his shield was white,
Nor had the Nereid, she from whom he sprang,
Brought the Vulcanian armure he now bears.
Him born of Gods and worthy to beget
Their semblances, rejectest thou? She shed
Her blood upon the altar that thy hand
Might rescue Troy. Thou fearest the wild wail
Of our Cassandra; if there must be fear,
Is not Achilles what thou mightest dread?”

Briefly the yielding daughter thus replied,
“Whether the Gods command me, as they do,
To wed, or whether to be bound a slave,
I follow the behest: where no disgrace
No hardship is . . but let me weep awhile.

I will, O mother ! yes, I will obey
A parent . . for this also they command,
Hoping they may recall or may remitt
This one decree. Must I be given up
To him behind whose wheels my brother's corse
Was drag'd along, drag'd while his breast yet heaved
And plowed and fill'd the furrow with his blood.
Oh ! on this very ground our feet now press
Plighted are nuptial vows ! are Gods invoked !
Thanksgivings offered them ! Oh ! pardon grief
That nothing can abate : what can the Gods
Do now to lighten it ?

Ye mounding heaps
Which friendly hands heapt up and covered o'er
With turf, not solid yet ; where cypresses,
Green lately, drop their hard and withered leaves ;
And ye that cover corsees numberless
In happier union, ye but separate
The resting soul from soul that knows not rest.
I gave my promise ; thus Apollo will'd ;
Let then his oracles, by me observ'd,
Bring (to me never !) to my country peace."

Hecuba gaspt for breath, tears gushing down,
" O my last child ! my only hope in life !
Cried she, " unmerited unhop'd-for weal
Restorest thou : not what thy terror feigns
Wilt thou soon find him : his stern heart relents
At Priam's sad reverses ; he beholds
A house the Gods have visited and deign'd
To share its hospitality ; he looks
With pity and with fondness on thy youth
And beauty ; else he never would hold out

His hand in amity, nor blandly take
What he could tear away : beside, he fears
That thou, beyond the reach of his revenge
(Unlike Brisëis whom his sword reclaim'd)
Shouldst be by equal lot another's prey.
For long ago he saw our certain fate,
Deriding the Palladion, nor afraid
Of any Gods, when Gods saw Hector fall."
Another, not a happier, morn arose.

Under the walls of Dardanos a plain
Lies open : it was covered now with crowds
Even to the root of Ida, past the banks
Of those two stony rivers, since alike
Rendered immortal by immortal song.
Unwearied, tho grown hoary under arms,
And from the omen fondly hoping peace,
Commingled with the Trojans, in the fane
Of their Apollo, the Achaïans held
Stern silence, or in whispers a discourse
That varied. Some regretted the delay
Of the doom'd city ; some dared blame the king,
And some Peleides ; others muttered words
On treachery, then on bribes, and knew the tent
That covered them stow'd carefully from sight.

Hither came Priam ; slower came behind
His aged consort, and her sons, now few ;
Prodigal had the rest been of their blood.
The wives of the survivors hither came,
All deeply veil'd and all with brow abased.
Hither they once had come led joyfully
Mid hymenæal song, by hands now cold :
Alone at home remain'd, and tried to wear

Away with restless spindle the sad hour,
Andromache, oft chided by her child.

In every street of the wide city, throngs
Rusht forth impatiently to see the shields
So long opposed to them, and helmets caught
Before by glimpses only thro the dust.

Close to the altar of the placid God
Polyxena held tightly by the arm
Achilles, and scarce knew it ; beautiful
Above her sister, beautiful almost
As Helena herself ; so white that brow,
So pure the luster of those gentle eyes.

Cassandra suddenly with horrid scream
Rushes beyond the congregated host . .
All tremble, all are stricken mute, as when
Enters some Deity. She speaks, alone,
And not her words speaks she, but words compell'd.
“ Sister, believest thou the Destinies
Are friendly to thee ? Sister ! turn thine eyes
Back from this temple, turn them on the walls
Poseidon aided by Apollo rais'd.
In vain hath Pallas dwelt within . . I see
Prodigies, I see arms and flames o'er-ride
The ancient towers ; Xanthos and Simoeis
I see run swifter now with streams of blood,
And heroes rising heavily from wounds,
And ruin following when the battles cease.
O flower ! upon what altar art thou laid,
Cull'd by Thessalian hand ! why, ere the torch
Be lighted, flames so the Sigæan shore
And Tenedos the level ray prolongs ?
Fly ! let us fly ! Citheron calls aloud ;

Sound the Chaonian towers, resound the horns
Of Achelöos, and, high up above,
The thunder-rent Keraunian rocks reply.
Hearest thou not the marble manger crack
Under the monster's jaw ? it scales our walls
And human voices issue from its bulk ?
Why then delay ? why idle words ? Arise
My parents ! . . turn, ah ! turn away the sight
From those Bistonian, those betraying realms.
Why, Polydoros, callest thou ? why waves
A barren cornel o'er a recent tomb
While the loose pebbles tinkle down the base ?
Me neither tears nor madness are vouchsafed ;
Do thou, devoted sister ! now thy chains
Are taken off that thy pure blood may flow
More readily, step back one little step
From where thou sittest on the fagot ; come
And give me, all I hope, one last embrace.

Oh spare her thou ! And thee too I implore,
Pyrrhos ! Oh, by the manes of thy sire !
Haste forward. She deserves it not, no crime
Is hers. This only my last breath implores."

Uttering such words her maidens drew her home.
Another noise was heard within the fane.
Silent and dark an arrow from across
Amid the tumult struck the heroe's heel,
And, passing thro and thro, the brazen point
Rang on the marble floor. The chiefs around
Wonder to see the weapon and small bead
Of blood : they sieze their spears, and tear away
The olive and verbena from their crests
And stamp them underfoot : not Priam's voice

Was heard, who gathering dust with desperate
grasp

Strew'd with it his grey hairs ; nor was the bride
Heeded, tho sinking as if into death.

Achilles neither helpt her nor required

Help for himself ; aware the day was come,

Foretold him : he with failing voice repress

The wrath of his compeers, yet strong enough

Thus to command.

“ Lay ye your arms aside ;

Let none avenge Achilles but his son.

Alkimos and Automedon ! detain

Within our tent the Myrmidons : my voice

They might no longer mind who see me now,

Fallen ignobly . . Ajax ! Diomed !

Leave here a corse not worth a beast alive,

Or hide it where no Trojan may rejoice.

Ah ! must his herds then graze upon my grave !

Let not thy tears drop over me, whoe'er

Thou art upon my left ! my eyes of iron

See none, see nothing . . take those friendly arms

From off my shoulder . . they now weary me

And weary you with their too vain support.

Not that Larissa in a quiet tomb

Holds my brave ancestors grieve I, O Death,

Not that my mother will lament my loss,

Lone in the bower of Tethys, for a while ;

I grieve that Troy should ever thus exult

Without more slaughter of her faithless race.

Open the turf, remove the blackened boughs,

And let the urn of Menætiades

Take my bones too.

Launch from this hateful strand
The bark that bore us hither.

With the leave
Of your Atreides . . send for . . now at play
In Ptheiai, and expecting the return
Of playmate . . my own Pyrrhos, my brave boy . .
To bring destruction with the Pelian spear.

Hear ye my voice ? or with its pants and gasps
Expires it, and decieves me ?

I forget . .
Such is the mist of mind that hangs on me . .
What are the orders I have given, and what
My wishes yet unspoken : be not ye
Forgetful of me as I am of these ;
Sure, although Orcos drags my wounded limbs
Beneath, the Shades shall know and fear me there.

Pyrrhos ! my child, my far-off child, farewell !
Whose care shall train thy youth ? What Keiron
stoop

To teach thee wisdom ? what parental hands
Be loud in the applauses thou shalt win
For lyre, for javelin, for Thessalian car
Seen above others in the foremost dust."

DEATH OF PARIS AND CENONE.

CLOSED had the darkened day of Corythos.

When Agelaos heard the first report,
Curses he uttered on the stepmother,
Fewer on Paris by her spells enthrall'd,
For in the man he now but saw the child,
Ingenuous, unsuspecting. He resolved
To hasten back to Ida, praying death
To come and intercept him on the way.
What tale to tell CEnone! and what thanks
From parent at a prosperous son's return,
Anxiously hoped for after many years,
Last gift of wife deserted, now deprived
Of him whose voice, whose gesture, day and night
Brought the beloved betrayer back again
Into her closing and unclosing eyes,
And sometimes with her child upon the knee
Of her who knew him not, nor cared to know.
Grief and indignant virtue wrung her breast
When she repeated to the fond old man
Such intermingled and such transcendent joys ;
But when she met him on his sad return
Ida was hateful in her eyes, for there
Love bore such bitter and such deadly fruit.

When Paris knew the truth, on cheek supine
And cold a thousand kisses he imprest,
Weeping and wailing ; he would expiate
(If expiation there might ever be)
The murderous deed : he built up high a pyre
Of fragrant cedar, and in broken voice

Call'd on the name, a name he knew so late.
"O Corythos! my son! my son!" he cried,
And smote his breast and turn'd his eyes away;
Grief wrencht him back, grief that impell'd him on,
But soon return'd he, resolute to catch
The fleeting ashes and o'ertake the winds;
So from the brittle brands he swept away
The whiter ashes, placed them in their urn,
And went back slowly, often went alone
In the still night beneath the stars that shed
Light on a turf not solid yet, above
The priceless treasure there deposited.
Achaïans, wandering on the shore, observ'd
His movements thither, Laertiades,
Epeos, and that hero last arrived,
Pæantios, catching the cool air with gasps.
There rose the foss before them: they advanced
From the Sigæan side thro copse and brake
Along the winding dell of darker shade,
Awaiting Paris.

Under a loose string
Rattles a quiver; and invisibly
Hath flown an arrow, and a shout succeeds;
No voices answer it. One listens, groans,
Calls for his foe; but calls not any God's
Or any mortal's aid; he raves, and rests
Upon his elbow. Back thro the soft sands
They from their ambush hasten, for no shield,
No helmet had they taken, no defence.
Below his knee the arrow has transfixt
The pulp, and hindered all pursuit; in vain
Strove he to tear it out; his vigorous arm

Could only break the arrow ; blood flow'd hot
Where he would wrench it.

All night thro, he roll'd

His heavy eyes ; he saw the lamps succede
Each other in the city far below,
He saw them in succession dim and die.
In the fresh morn, when iron light awakes
The gentle cattle from their brief repose,
His menials issue thro the nearer fields
And groves adjacent to explore their lord,
And lastly (where perchance he might be found)
Nearer the pointed barrow of his son.
Thither ran forward that true-hearted race
Which cheers the early morn, and shakes the frost
From stiffened herbs, which lies before the gate
Alike of rich and poor, but faithful most
To the forsaken and afflicted, came
And howl'd and croucht and lickt their master's face,
And now unchided mixt their breath with his.

When man's last day is come, how clear are all
The former ones ! Now appear manifest
Neglected Gods, now Sparta's Furies rise,
Now flames the fatal torch of Hecuba
Portended at his birth, but deem'd extinct
Until that arrow sped across the tombs
Of heroes, by a hand unseen, involves
In flame and smoke the loftiest tower of Troy.
Such were the thoughts that vanisht like a mist,
And thee, CEnone, thee alone he sees,
He sees thee under where the grot was strown
With the last winter leaves, a couch for each,
Sees thee betroht, deserted, desolate,

Childless . . how lately not so ! what avail
The promises of Gods ? false ! false as mine !

“ Seek out, ye trusty men, seek out,” said he,
“ The Nymph CEnone : tell her that I lie
Wounded to death : tell her that I implore
Her pardon, not her aid.”

They, when they reacht
High up the hill the woodland's last recess,
And saw her habitation, saw the door
Closed, and advancing heard deep groans, which
brought

Even to the sill her favorite doe and stag
Springing before them with defiant breasts,
They paus'd ; they entered ; few and slow the words
They brought with them, the last they heard him
speak.

Briefly she answered with her face aside.

“ I could not save my child ; one who could save
Would not.”

Thick sobs succeeded.

Twas not long
Ere down the narrow and steep path are heard
The pebbles rattling under peasants' feet,
Whose faces the dense shrubs at every side
Smite as they carry on his bier the man
Who thinks his journey long ; 'twas long to him
Wounded so grievously, to him about
To close his waning day, before his eyes
Might rest on hers and mix with hers his tears.
How shall he meet her ?

Where the rocks were clear
Of ivy, more than once the trace is seen

Of name or verse, the hunter's idle score
Indifferent to pursue the chase ; and where
There was a leveler and wider track
He might remember, if indeed he cared
For such remembrances, the scene of games
At quoit or cestus closed by dance and feast.
He drew both hands before his face, and wept,
And those who carried him, and found him faint
And weary, placed their burden on the ground,
And with averted faces they wept too.

Cenone came not out ; her feet were fixt
Upon the threshold at the opened door,
Her head turn'd inward that her tears might fall
Unseen by stranger ; but not long unseen
By Paris : he was in his youth's domains,
He view'd his earliest home, his earliest loves,
And heard again his earliest sighs, and hers.

"After how many and what years !" he cried,
"Return I, O Cenone ! thus to thee !"

She answered not ; no anger, no reproach ;
For, hours before, she prayed the Eumenides
That they would, as befits the just, avenge
The murder of her Corythos ; she prayed
That she might never have the power to help
The cruel father in the hour of need.

A voice now tells her from her inmost heart,
Voice never, to the listener, indistinct,
It is not granted to so wild a prayer.
Weary of light and life, again she prayed.

"Grant me, O Zeus ! what thou alone canst grant.
Is death too great a boon ? too much for me,
A wretched Nymph, to ask ? bestow it now."

When she had spoken, on the left was heard
Thunder, and there shone flame from sky serene ;
Now on her child and father of her child
Equally sad and tender were her thoughts ;
She saw them both in one, and wept the more.
Heedless and heartless wretch she call'd herself,
But her whole life, now most, those words belied.

Paris had heard the words, "Those words were
mine
Could I have uttered them : wounds make men
weak,
Shame makes them weaker : neither knowest thou,
Pure soul ! one fit for immortality !
Let us, CEnone, shouldst thou ever die,
Be here united, here is room for both . .
Both did I say ? and not for one beside ?
Oh ! will his ashes ever rest near mine ?"
To these few words he added these few more.
"Restrain, CEnone, those heartrending sobs !"
His he could not restrain, nor deeper groans,
Yet struggled to console her. "Are not these
Our true espousals ? Many may have loved
But few have died together !" Then she shriekt
"Let me die first, O husband ! Hear my prayer
Tho the Gods have not heard it ! one embrace !
Paris is mine at last ; eternally
Paris is mine.

Oh do not thou, my child,
Shun or disdain amid the Shades below
Those who now die, and would have died for thee !
The gift of Venus I have often mourn'd,
With this one consolation, that my grief

Could not increase : such consolation lasts
No longer : punishment far less severe
Could Heré or could Pallas have decreed
Than Venus on this Ida, where she won
A prize so fatal, and to more than me."

The maidens of the mountain came and rais'd
Her drooping head, and drew from tepid springs
The water of her grot, and, from above,
Cedar and pine of tender spray, and call'd
Her father Cebren : he came forth, and fill'd
After due sacrifice the larger space
That was remaining of the recent urn.

Paris had given his faithful friends command,
Whether the Fates might call him soon or late,
That, if were found some ashes on his breast,
Those to the bones they covered be restored.

MENELAUS AND HELEN AT TROY.

An old attendant deprecates and intercepts his vengeance.

MENELAUS.

Out of my way ! Off ! or my sword may smite thee,
Heedless of venerable age. And thou,
Fugitive ! stop. Stand, traitress, on that stair . .
Thou mountest not another, by the Gods !
Now take the death thou meritest, the death
Zeus who presides o'er hospitality,
And every other god whom thou hast left,
And every other who abandons thee
In this accursed city, sends at last.
Turn, vilest of vile slaves ! turn, paramour
Of what all other women hate, of cowards,
Turn, lest this hand wrench back thy head, and toss
It and its odours to the dust and flames.

HELEN.

Welcome the death thou promisest ! Not fear
But shame, obedience, duty, make me turn.

MENELAUS.

Duty ! false harlot !

HELEN.

Name too true ! severe
Precursor to the blow that is to fall,
It should alone suffice for killing me.

MENELAUS.

Ay, weep : be not the only one in Troy
Who wails not on this day . . its last . . the day
Thou and thy crimes darken with dead on dead.

HELEN.

Spare ! spare ! O let the last that falls be me !
There are but young and old.

MENELAUS.

There are but guilty
Where thou art, and the sword strikes none amiss.
Hearest thou not the creeping blood buzz near
Like flies ? or wouldst thou rather hear it hiss
Louder, against the flaming roofs thrown down
Wherewith the streets are pathless ? Ay, but ven-
geance
Springs over all ; and Nemesis and Atè
Drove back the flying ashes with both hands.
I never saw thee weep till now : and now
There is no pity in thy tears. The tiger
Leaves not her young athirst for the first milk,
As thou didst. Thine could scarce have claspt thy
knee
If she had felt thee leave her.

HELEN.

O my child !
My only one ! thou livest : 'tis enough ;
Hate me, abhor me, curse me . . these are duties . .
Call me but Mother in the shades of death !
She now is twelve years old, when the bud swells

And the first colours of uncertain life
Begin to tinge it.

MENELAUS (*aside*).

Can she think of home ?
Hers once, mine yet, and sweet Hermione's !
Is there one spark that cheer'd my hearth, one left,
For thee, my last of love !

Scorn, righteous scorn
Blows it from me . . but thou mayst . . never, never.
Thou shalt not see her even there. The slave
On earth shall scorn thee, and the damn'd below.

HELEN.

Delay not either fate. If death is mercy,
Send me among the captives ; so that Zeus
May see his offspring led in chains away,
And thy hard brother, pointing with his sword
At the last wretch that crouches on the shore,
Cry, " She alone shall never sail for Greece !"

MENELAUS.

Hast thou more words ?

Her voice is musical
As the young maids who sing to Artemis :
How glossy is that yellow braid my grasp
Seiz'd and let loose ! Ah ! can then years have past
Since but the children of the Gods, like them,
Suffer not age.

Helen ! speak honestly,
And thus escape my vengeance . . was it force
That bore thee off ?

HELEN.

It was some evil God.

MENELAUS.

Helping that hated man ?

HELEN.

How justly hated !

MENELAUS.

By thee too ?

HELEN.

Hath he not made *thee* unhappy ?

O do not strike.

MENELAUS.

Wretch !

HELEN.

Strike, but do not speak.

MENELAUS.

Lest thou remember me against thy will.

HELEN.

Lest I look up and see you wroth and sad,
Against my will ; O ! how against my will
They know above, they who perhaps can pity.

MENELAUS.

They shall not save thee.

HELEN.

Then indeed they pity.

MENELAUS.

Prepare for death.

HELEN.

Not from that hand: 'twould pain you.

MENELAUS.

Touch not my hand. Easily dost thou drop it!

HELEN.

Easy are all things, do but thou command.

MENELAUS.

Look up then.

HELEN.

To the hardest proof of all
I am now bidden: bid me not look up.

MENELAUS.

She looks as when I led her on behind
The torch and fife, and when the blush o'ersprad
Her girlish face at tripping in the myrtle
On the first step before the wreathed gate.
Approach me. Fall not on thy knees.

HELEN.

The hand

That is to slay me, best may slay me thus.
I dare no longer see the light of heaven.
Nor thine . . . alas ! the light of heaven to me.

MENELAUS.

Follow me.

She holds out both arms . . and now
Drops them again . . She comes . . Why stoppest
thou ?

HELEN.

O Meneläus! could thy heart know mine,
As once it did . . for then did they converse,
Generous the one, the other not unworthy . .
Thou wouldst find sorrow deeper even than guilt.

MENELAUS.

And must I lead her by the hand again ?
Nought shall persuade me. Never. She draws
back . .
The true alone and loving sob like her.
Come, Helen ! *[He takes her hand.*

HELEN.

Oh ! let never Greek see this !
Hide me from Argos, from Amyclai hide me,
Hide me from all.

MENELAUS.

Thy anguish is too strong
For me to strive with.

HELEN.

Leave it all to me.

MENELAUS.

Peace! peace! The wind, I hope, is fair for Sparta.

ORESTES AND ELECTRA.

ELECTRA.

PASS on, my brother! she awaits the wretch,
Dishonorer, despoiler, murderer . . .
None other name shall name him . . . she awaits
As would a lover . .

Heavenly Gods! what poison
O'erflows my lips!

Adultrous! husband-slayer!
Strike her, the tigress!

Think upon our father . .
Give the sword scope . . think what a man was he,
How fond of her! how kind to all about,
That he might gladden and teach *us* . . how proud
Of thee, Orestes! tossing thee above
His joyous head and calling thee his crown.
Ah! boys remember not what melts our hearts
And marks them evermore!

Bite not thy lip,
Nor tramp as an unsteady colt the ground,
Nor stare against the wall, but think again
How better than all fathers was our father.
Go . .

ORESTES.

Loose me then! for this white hand, Electra,
Hath fastened upon mine with fiercer grasp
Than mine can grasp the sword.

ELECTRA.

Go, sweet Orestes!

I knew not I was holding thee . . Avenge him!
 (*Alone.*) How he sprang from me!

. . Sure, he now has reacht
 The room before the bath . .

The bath-door creaks!
 . . It hath creakt thus since he . . since thou, O
 father!

Ever since thou didst loosen its strong valves,
 Either with all thy dying weight, or strength
 Agonised with her stabs . .

What plunge was that?
 Ah me!

. . What groans are those?

ORESTES (*returning*).

They sound through hell
 Rejoicing the Eumenides.*

She slew
 Our father; she made thee the scorn of slaves;
 Me (son of him who ruled this land and more)
 She made an outcast . . .

Would I had been so
 For ever! ere such vengeance . . .

ELECTRA.

O that Zeus

* An ancient scholiast has recorded that the name of Eumenides was given to these Goddesses after the expiation of Orestes. But Catullus (called the *learned* by his countrymen) represents Ariadne invoking them by this appellation long before the Trojan war. The verses are the most majestic in the Roman language.

Eumenides! quarum anguineis redimita capillis
 Frons expirantes præportat pectoris iras,
 Huc, huc adventate! &c.

Had let thy arm fall sooner at thy side
Without those drops! list! they are audible . .
For they are many . . from the sword's point falling,
And down from the mid blade!

Too rash Orestes!
Couldst thou not then have spared our wretched
mother?

ORESTES.

The Gods could not.

ELECTRA.

She was not theirs, Orestes.

ORESTES.

And didst not thou . .

ELECTRA.

'Twas I, 'twas I, who did it;
Of our unhappiest house the most unhappy!
Under this roof, by every God accurst,
There is no grief, there is no guilt, but mine.

ORESTES.

Electra! no!

'Tis now my time to suffer . .
Mine be, with all its pangs, the righteous deed.

THE MADNESS OF ORESTES.

ORESTES.

Heavy and murderous dreams, O my Electra,
Have dragged me from myself.

Is this Mycenai ?

Are we . . . are all who should be . . . in our house ?
Living ? unhurt ? our father here ? our mother ?
Why that deep gasp ? for 'twas not sigh nor groan.
She then . . . 'twas she who fell ! when ? how ? beware !
No, no, speak out at once, that my full heart
May meet it, and may share with thee in all . .
In all . . . but that one thing.

It was a dream.

We may share all.

They live ? both live ?

O say it !

ELECTRA.

The Gods have placed them from us, and there rolls
Between us that dark river . . .

ORESTES.

Blood ! blood ! blood !

I see it roll ; I see the hand above it,
Imploring ; I see *her*.

Hiss me not back,

Ye snake-hair'd maids ! I will look on ; I will
Hear the words gurgle thro' that cursed stream,
And catch that hand . . that hand . . which slew
my father !

It can not be how could it slay my father ?
 Death to the slave who spoke it ! . . slay my father !
 It tost me up to him to earn a smile,
 And was a smile then such a precious boon,
 And royal state and proud affection nothing ?
 Ay, and thee too, Electra, she once taught
 To take the sceptre from him at the door . .
 Not the bath-door, not the bath-door, mind that ! . .
 And place it in the vestibule, against
 The spear of Pallas, where it used to stand.
 Where is it now ? methinks I missed it there.
 How we have trembled to be seen to move it !
 Both looking up, lest that stern face should frown
 Which always gazed on Zeus right opposite.
 O ! could but one tear more fall from my eyes,
 It would shake off those horrid visages,
 And melt them into air.

I am not yours,
 Fell Goddesses ! A just and generous Power,
 A bright-hair'd God, directed me.

And thus
 Abased is he whom such a God inspired !

(After a pause.)

Into whose kingdom went they ? did they go
 Together ?

ELECTRA.

Oh ! they were not long apart.

ORESTES.

I know why thou art pale ; I know whose head
 Thy flower-like hands have garlanded ; I know

For whom thou hast unbraided all thy love.
He well deserves it he shall have it all.
Glory and love shall crown thee, my brave sister !

ELECTRA.

I am not she of Sparta. Let me live
(If live I must, Orestes !) not unnamed
Nor named too often. Speak no more of love,
Ill-omen'd and opprobrious in this house . .
A mother should have had, a father had it,
O may a brother let it dwell with him,
Unchangeable, unquestioned, solitary,
Strengthened and hallowed in the depths of grief !
Gaze not so angrily . . I dare not see thee,
I dare not look where comfort should be found.

ORESTES.

I dare and do behold them all day long,
And, were that face away so like my mother's,
I would advance and question and compel them . .
They hear me and they know it.

ELECTRA.

Hear me too,
Ye mighty ones ! to me invisible !
And spare him ! spare him ! for without the Gods
He wrought not what he wrought : And are not ye
Partakers of their counsels and their power ?
O spare the son of him whom ye and they
Sent against Ilion, to perform your will
And bid the rulers of the earth be just.

ORESTES.

And dare they frighten thee too? frighten thee?
And bend thee into prayer?

Off, hateful eyes!

Look upon me, not her.

Ay, thus; 'tis well.

Cheer, cheer thee, my Electra!

I am strong,

Stronger than ever . . steel, fire, adamant . .

But can not bear thy brow upon my neck,

Can not bear these wild writhings, these loud sobs.

By all the Gods! I think thou art half mad . . .

I must away . . follow me not . . stand there!

THE PRAYER OF ORESTES.

ORESTES.

O king Apollo! god Apollo! god

Powerful to smite and powerful to preserve!

If there is blood upon me, as there seems,

Purify that black stain (thou only canst)

With every rill that bubbles from these caves

Audibly; and come willing to the work.

No; 'tis not they; 'tis blood; 'tis blood again

That bubbles in my ear, that shakes the shades

Of thy dark groves, and lets in hateful gleams,

Bringing me . . what dread sight! what sounds
abhorr'd!

What screams! They are my mother's: 'tis her eye

That through the snakes of those three furies glares,

And makes them hold their peace that she may speak.
Has thy voice bidden them all forth? There slink
Some that would hide away, but must turn back,
And others like blue lightnings bound along
From rock to rock; and many hiss at me
As they draw nearer. Earth, fire, water, all
Abominate the deed the Gods commanded!
Alas! I came to pray, not to complain;
And lo! my speech is impious as my deed!

PRIESTESS OF APOLLO.

Take refuge here amid our Delphian shades,
O troubled breast!
Here the most pious of Mycenai's maids
Shall watch thy rest
And wave the cooling laurel o'er thy brow,
Nor insect swarm
Shall ever break thy slumbers, nor shalt thou
Start at the alarm
Of boys infesting (as they do) the street
With mocking songs,
Stopping and importuning all they meet,
And heaping wrongs
Upon thy diadem'd and sacred head,
Worse than when base
Ægisthus (shudder not!) his toils outspread
Around thy race.
Altho' even in this fane the fitful blast
Thou may'st hear roar,
Thy name among our highest rocks shall last
For evermore.

THE DEATH OF ORESTES

ORESTES.

A calm comes over me : life brings it not
With any of its tides : my end is near.
O Priestess of the purifying God
Receive her !* and when she hath closed mine eyes,
Do thou (weep not, my father's child !) close hers.

* Pointing to his sister.

THE SHADES OF AGAMEMNON AND
IPHIGENEIA.

IPHIGENEIA.

FATHER! I now may lean upon your breast,
And you with unreverted eyes will grasp
Iphigeneia's hand.

We are not shades
Surely! for yours throbs yet.

And did my blood
Win Troy for Greece?

Ah! 'twas ill done to shrink,
But the sword gleam'd so sharp, and the good priest
Trembled, and Pallas frown'd above, severe.

AGAMEMNON.

Daughter!

IPHIGENEIA.

Beloved father! is the blade
Again to pierce my bosom? 'tis unfit
For sacrifice; no blood is in its veins;
No God requires it here; here are no wrongs
To vindicate, no realms to overthrow.
You are standing as at Aulis in the fane,
With face averted, holding (as before)
My hand; but yours burns not, as then it burn'd;
This alone shows that we are with the Blest,
Nor subject to the sufferings we have borne.
I will win back past kindness.

Tell me then,

Tell how my mother fares who loved me so,
And griev'd, as 'twere for you, to see me part.
Frown not, but pardon me for tarrying
Amid too idle words, nor asking how
She prais'd us both (which most ?) for what we did.

AGAMEMNON.

Ye Gods who govern here ! do human pangs
Reach the pure soul thus far below ? do tears
Spring in these meadows ?

IPHIGENEIA.

No, sweet father, no . .
I could have answered that ; why ask the Gods ?

AGAMEMNON.

Iphigeneia ! O my child ! the Earth
Has gendered crimes unheard-of heretofore,
And Nature may have changed in her last depths,
Together with the Gods and all their laws.

IPHIGENEIA.

Father ! we must not let you here condemn ;
Not, were the day less joyful : recollect
We have no wicked here ; no king to judge.
Poseidon, we have heard, with bitter rage
Lashes his foaming steeds against the skies,
And, laughing with loud yell at winged fire
Innoxious to his fields and palaces,
Affrights the eagle from the sceptred hand ;
While Pluto, gentlest brother of the three
And happiest in obedience, views sedate

His tranquil realm, nor envies theirs above.
No change have we, not even day for night
Nor spring for summer.

All things are serene,
Serene too be your spirit! None on earth
Ever was half so kindly in his house,
And so compliant, even to a child.
Never was snatcht your robe away from me,
Though going to the council. The blind man
Knew his good king was leading him indoors
Before he heard the voice that marshall'd Greece.
Therefore all prais'd you.

Proudest men themselves
In others praise humility, and most
Admire it in the scepter and the sword.
What then can make you speak thus rapidly
And briefly? in your step thus hesitate?
Are you afraid to meet among the good
Incestuous Helen here?

AGAMEMNON.

O! Gods of Hell!

IPHIGENEIA.

She hath not past the river.

We may walk
With our hands linkt nor feel our house's shame.

AGAMEMNON.

Never mayst thou, Iphigeneia, feel it!
Aulis had no sharp sword, thou wouldst exclaim,
Greece no avenger . . I, her chief so late,
Through Erebos, through Elysium, writhe beneath it.

IPHIGENEIA.

Come, I have better diadems than those
Of Argos and Mycenai: come away,
And I will weave them for you on the bank.
You will not look so pale when you have walkt
A little in the grove, and have told all
Those sweet fond words the widow sent her child.

AGAMEMNON.

O Earth! I suffered less upon thy shores!
(*Aside.*) The bath that bubbled with my blood, the
 blows
That spilt it (O worse torture!) must she know?
Ah! the first woman coming from Mycenai
Will pine to pour this poison in her ear,
Taunting sad Charon for his slow advance.
Iphigeneia!

IPHIGENEIA.

Why thus turn away?
Calling me with such fondness! I am here,
Father! and where you are, will ever be.

AGAMEMNON.

Thou art my child; yes, yes, thou art my child.
All was not once what all now is! Come on,
Idol of love and truth! my child! my child!
(*Alone.*) Fell woman! ever false! false was thy last
Denunciation, as thy bridal vow;
And yet even that found faith with me! The dirk
Which sever'd flesh from flesh, where this hand rests,

Severs not, as thou boastedst in thy scoffs,
Iphigeneia's love from Agamemnon :
The wife's a spark may light, a straw consume,
The daughter's not her heart's whole fount hath
 quencht,
'Tis worthy of the Gods, and lives for ever.

IPHIGENEIA.

What spake my father to the Gods above ?
Unworthy am I then to join in prayer ?
If, on the last, or any day before,
Of my brief course on earth, I did amiss,
Say it at once, and let me be unblest ;
But, O my faultless father ! why should you ?
And shun so my embraces ?

Am I wild

And wandering in my fondness !

We are shades !

Groan not thus deeply ; blight not thus the season
Of full-orb'd gladness ! Shades we are indeed,
But mingled, let us feel it, with the blest.
I knew it, but forgot it suddenly,
Altho' I felt it all at your approach.
Look on me ; smile with me at my illusion . .
You are so like what you have ever been
(Except in sorrow !) I might well forget
I could not win you as I used to do.
It was the first embrace since my descent
I ever aim'd at : those who love me live,
Save one, who loves me most, and now would chide
 me.

AGAMEMNON.

We want not, O Iphigeneia, we
Want not embrace, nor kiss that cools the heart
With purity, nor words that more and more
Teach what we know from those we know, and sink
Often most deeply where they fall most light.
Time was when for the faintest breath of thine
Kingdom and life were little.

IPHIGENEIA.

Value them

As little now.

AGAMEMNON.

Were life and kingdom all!

IPHIGENEIA.

Ah! by our death many are sad who loved us.
The little fond Electra, and Orestes
So childish and so bold! O that mad boy!
They will be happy too.

Cheer! king of men!

Cheer! there are voices, songs . . Cheer! arms ad-
vance.

AGAMEMNON.

Come to me, soul of peace! These, these alone,
These are not false embraces.

IPHIGENEIA.

Both are happy!

AGAMEMNON.

Freshness breathes round me from some breeze above.
What are ye, winged ones ! with golden urns ?

THE HOURS (*descending*).

The Hours. To each an urn we bring.
Earth's purest gold
Alone can hold
The lymph of the Lethèan spring.
We, son of Atreus ! we divide
The dulcet from the bitter tide
That runs athwart the paths of men.
No more our pinions shalt thou see.
Take comfort ! We have done with thee,
And must away to earth again.

(*Ascending.*)

Where thou art, thou
Of braided brow,
Thou cull'd too soon from Argive bow'rs,
Where thy sweet voice is heard among
The shades that thrill with choral song,
None can regret the parted Hours.

CHORUS OF ARGIVES.

Maiden ! be thou the spirit that breathes
Triumph and joy into our song !
Wear and bestow these amaranth-wreaths,
Iphigeneia ! they belong
To none but thee and her who reigns
(Less chaunted) on our bosky plains.

SEMICHORUS.

Iphigeneia! 'tis to thee
Glory we owe and victory.
Clash, men of Argos, clash your arms
To martial worth and virgin charms.

OTHER SEMICHORUS.

Ye men of Argos! it was sweet
To roll the fruits of conquest at the feet
Whose whispering sound made bravest hearts beat
fast :

 This we have known at home,
 But hither we are come
To crown the king who ruled us first and last.

CHORUS.

Father of Argos! king of men!
 We chaunt the hymn of praise to thee.
In serried ranks we stand again,
 Our glory safe, our country free.
Clash, clash the arms we bravely bore
Against Scamander's God-defended shore.

SEMICHORUS.

Blessed art thou who hast repell'd
Battle's wild fury, Ocean's whelming foam;
 Blessed o'er all, to have beheld
Wife, children, house avenged, and peaceful home!

OTHER SEMICHORUS.

 We too, thou seest, are now
Among the happy, though the aged brow

From sorrow for us we could not protect,
Nor, on the polisht granite of the well
Folding our arms, of spoils and perils tell,
Nor lift the vase on the lov'd head erect.

SEMICHORUS.

What whirling wheels are those behind ?
What plumes come flaring through the wind,
Nearer and nearer ? From his car
He who defied the heaven-born Powers of war
Pelides springs: Dust, dust are we
To him, O king, who bends the knee,
Proud only to be first in reverent praise of thee.

OTHER SEMICHORUS.

Clash, clash the arms ! None other race
Shall see such heroes face to face.
We too have fought ; and they have seen
Nor sea-sand grey nor meadow green
Where Dardans stood against their men . .
Clash ! Io Pæan ! clash again !
Repinings for lost days repress . .
The flames of Troy had cheer'd us less.

CHORUS.

Hark ! from afar more war-steeds neigh.
Thousands o'er thousands rush this way.
Ajax is yonder ! ay, behold
The radiant arms of Lycian gold !
Arms from admiring valour won,
Tydeus ! and worthy of thy son.
'Tis Ajax wears them now ; for he
Rules over Adria's stormy sea.

He threw them to the friend who lost
(By the dim judgment of the host)
Those wet with tears which Thetis gave
The youth most beauteous of the brave.
In vain ! the insatiate soul would go
For comfort to his peers below.
Clash ! ere we leave them all the plain,
Clash ! Io Pæan ! once again !

HERCULES, PLUTO, ALCESTIS, ADMETOS.

HERCULES.

WEEPEST thou? Weep thou mayst; but not for long.

ALCESTIS.

Certainly not for long, O Heracles!
So let me weep: this day, if not this night,
Will join me to Admetos.

HERCULES.

 Say, what voice
Hath told thee so?

ALCESTIS.

 The voice within my breast.

HERCULES.

It shall be true as was thy heart to him . .

ALCESTIS.

Who now lies without hope for one hour more
Upon this earth.

HERCULES.

 No power have I o'er fate.

ALCESTIS.

Thou canst not, I can, save him.

HERCULES.

 Tell me how.

ALCESTIS.

I dare not utter my design to thee,
 For vows are sacred, so conditions are,
 And both are, or will soon be, ratified.
 The God who rules below will cast him down
 Before my steps can reach those horrid realms,
 If those are horrid where the faithful meet
 To love eternally.

HERCULES.

But wouldst thou not
 Rather return with him to the early scenes
 Of your betrothal, of your happier hours?

ALCESTIS.

Alas! alas! not Hades, not Elysion,
 Not heaven itself, could ever soothe my soul
 As those have done . . but when he goes I go . .
 O could it but be first!

HERCULES.

The Gods may grant
 This wish at thy entreaty.

ALCESTIS.

They have heard
 Already every prayer my heart could frame.

HERCULES.

On me they have bestow'd some power to calm
 Thy breast, Alcestis!

ALCESTIS.

Save with his, mine never.

HERCULES.

Be calmer, cheer thee. Every God above
Hath been propitious to me; he below
Shall hear me: not another day shall see
Such faithful hearts apart.

ALCESTIS.

No word of thine
Was ever false, but how can this be true?

HERCULES.

Question me not.

I have been told ere now
That heavy grief brings also heavy sleep,
Lighter be thine! but confidently close
Those eyes half-closed already by the weight
That overhangs them.

ALCESTIS.

Can I? Do I dream?

HERCULES.

No, but thou shalt when Love hath had his way.

PLUTO.

Who comes among the Shades and is no Shade?

HERCULES.

Thy elder brother's offspring, Heracles.

PLUTO.

And sent thee hither he?

HERCULES.

His will it was.

PLUTO.

And what thy errand?

HERCULES.

Rescue.

PLUTO.

Rescue hence?

There never was, nor shall be.

HERCULES.

Say not so,

Brother of him the mighty and the just.

PLUTO.

Just callest thou the brother who usurpt
His father's throne, and thrust these realms on me?
Peopled are mine, 'tis true, far more than his
Or than Poseidon's, with his singing Nymphs
And blowing Tritons in loud choruses
On conchs, and songless speechless multitudes;
Callest thou him the just? mighty he may be
On earth, or over earth, but never here.
And thou, who art but mortal, darest come
Invader, to my very throne!

HERCULES.

I came
 Speedily as I could, but was outrun
 By one who hurried to recall from hence
 Him whom ere this she haply hath embraced,
 Admetos; her own life she gives for his;
 And this condition every God approves.

PLUTO.

Every? and am not I one? My consent
 Neither those gods nor thou shall gain. Return . .
 For what is she to thee, audacious man?

HERCULES.

Alcestis is the daughter of my friend.

PLUTO.

If truth has reacht me here (and oftener truth
 Is found below than among those on earth)
 Many have been the daughters thou hast there
 Rescued from spousal and parental bonds.

HERCULES.

I bear no shaft of wit so keen as thine,
 Nor would confront thee: only give me up
 The virtuous bride, then will I reäscend.

PLUTO.

What if thy calculation be amiss.
 The bride I give not up: thou mayest go,
 With my goodwill, but must leave her behind.

HERCULES.

I would not wrestle with thee.

PLUTO.

Art thou mad?

Wrestle with an Immortal!

HERCULES.

If compell'd,

And grow myself Immortal by that strife.

PLUTO.

Cerberos! seize him.

HERCULES.

'Twas not long ago

He lickt the instep of Eurydice

And only growl'd at her deliverer.

Brave dogs are fellow-creatures of brave men,

Not one of his three heads would bark at me.

PLUTO.

(Alcestis rushing forward.)

Woman! whence comest? whither rushest thou?

ALCESTIS.

(Not minding him.)

O Heracles! and art thou also doom'd

To bless earth never more?

HERCULES.

To bless once more

Earth with thy presence come I, nor will go
Until I lead thee back.

PLUTO.

Styx! Phlegethon!

Surround him.

HERCULES.

I will cast thee into them,
God as thou art, if any hurt befalls
Alcestis.

ALCESTIS.

Leave me, leave me, Heracles!
Never from my Admetos will I part.

PERSEPHONE (*entering*).

Nor shalt thou.

PLUTO.

And thou, too, refractory?
Even thou, Persephone!

PERSEPHONE.

Thou once didst love me,
O Pluto! love me now; remit, remit
Thy rigid laws . . give me these two. Advance,
Admetos! (*whispers*)
He may change his mind . . go, go.

ADMETOS (*ascending*).

I feel afresh the air of heaven; thy kiss
Breath'd it, and do my steps touch earth again?

HERCULES.

Yea, firm as mine do.

But thou stil art faint,
Alcestis! If my shoulder is too high
For thee to lean on, let this arm help his.

I had no time or thought to look beyond,
And I saw nothing of Elysian fields;
If there be any thou shalt find them all
Among those pastures where Apollo fed
Thy herds, Admetos! where another God
(Thou knowest who) Alcestis! drew thee forth
And placed thee on that fond and faithful breast
Whereon thou, undivided, shalt repose.

ALCESTIS.

Shall we be never, never, parted more?

ADMETOS.

Let us, my own Alcestis, leave behind
(Since one day both must die) a proof that love
May be as happy, if as true, as thine.
Age is before us, be it long before,
And Death not wait for either!

HERCULES.

Haste ye home,
And there hold fitter than such grave discourse.
Remember, Hymen is come back again
And follows close, for Hymen hates delay.
Admetos! I was fancying that thy brood
Of gallant coursers, boast of Thessaly,
Will not awaken you tomorrow-morn,

With all their neighings at the palace-gate,
 To greet ye coming safe and sound again.
 Let me forbid the maidens to entwine,
 Whatever they may gather in the dew,
 Flowers till past noontide: they are ever apt
 To speed on such occasions, and to break
 The spell descending from the silent moon,
 A spell which binds together strong and weak.
 They shall sing merrily for honied cates,
 A guerdon and a symbol not unmeet:
 I too would sing among them, but no song
 Could Orpheus teach me, nor would let me touch
 His harp; my fingers, said he, were unfit;
 Nor was my voice melodious, tho less harsh
 Than when ye heard it in yon place below.

CHORUS OF MATRONS AT MORNING.

Come, little girls who catch the laughter
 And know not what the laughter means,
 But who shall know it well hereafter
 Amid less grand and gaudy scenes.

Come, maidens, ye almost as young,
 Ye too whose cheeks are full in bloom,
 Lay by your wreathes, and sing a song
 To her whose love hath burst the tomb.

Then to the praises of the bold,
 Then of the tender and the true,
 A pair whom Hades could not hold . .
 And may such heroes wed with you!

GIRLS' REPLY.

We are too young to think of men,
Few of us yet are seventeen;
Better to trim the wreath, and then
To look and see how looks the queen.

APPENDIX.

The following poems, it will be seen, have no connection with the Hellenics, and mostly were written since, on recent occasions.

APPENDIX.

*A heartier age will come ; the wise will know **
If in my writings there be aught of worth,
Said ardent Milton, whose internal light
Dispel'd the darkness of despondency,
Before he with imperishable gold
Damaskt the hilt of our Protector's blade.
Wonder not if that seer, the nighest to heaven
Of all below, could have thus well divined.

I, on a seat beneath, but on his right,
Neither expect nor hope my verse may lie
With summer sweets, with albums gaily drest,
Where poddle snifts at flower between the leaves.
A few will cull my fruit, and like the taste,
And find not overmuch to pare away.
The soundest apples are not soonest ripe,
In some dark room laid up when others rot.

* Veniet cordatior ætas ;
Siquid meremur sana posteritas sciet.
MILTON, *Poemata*.

Southey and Hare and, on his deathbed, Ward,
And others of like stamp, have nodded praise.
Unchallenged I have crost the Argive tents,
Alone; and I have wrestled with the prime
Of shepherds on the plains of Sicily,
And her young maidens placed me by their side,
And bade my rival listen while I sang.
Meanwhile not querulous nor feverish
Hath been my courtship of the passing voice,
Nor panted for its echo. Time has been
When Cowley shone near Milton, nay, above!
An age roll'd on before a keener sight
Could separate and see them far apart.
Thus in our day hath Ireland's noble sage
Brought down to human ken and shown how vast
The space between two stars, which few had seen,
And none seen separate.

We upon earth
Have not our places and our distances
Assign'd, for many years; at last a tube,
Rais'd and adjusted by Intelligence,
Stands elevated to a cloudless sky,
And place and magnitude are ascertain'd.

If I extoll'd the virtuous and the wise,
The brave and beautiful, and well discern'd
Their features as they fixt their eyes on mine;
If I have won a kindness never wooed;
Could I foresee that . . . fallen among thieves,
Despoil'd, halt, wounded . . . tramping traffickers
Should throw their dirt upon me, not without
Some small sharp pebbles carefully inclosed?

However, from one crime they are exempt ;
They do not strike a brother, striking *me*.

This breathes o'er me a cool serenity,
O'er me divided from old friends, in lands
Pleasant, if aught without old friends can please,
Where round their lowly turf-built terraces
Grey olives twinkle in this wintry sun,
And crimson light invests yon quarried cliff,
And central towers from distant villas peer
Until Arezzo's ridges intervene.

Festival I would keep before I leave
The land where I am tarrying ; to this end
Muses ! who often heard me, hear me now !
Come, and invite my neighbours on the marsh
To lay aside the homely bowl for once ;
Come, tell them, at my table they may taste
The generous wines of Cypros and of Crete,
And hear the chaunt in honor of that God
Who gave the mask and buskin to the stage,
Which the wise Goddess from her fane aloft
Surveyed with stedfast eyes, nor disapproved.
Let me look back upon the world again !
Ah ! let me look upon the graves of friends
Departed ; let me rest my eyes at last
Upon one happy mansion, hers whose pure
And holy light fell down on me when first
It dawned, and few had ever gazed at mine.
Quitting our poplars and our cypresses,
And the secluded scene they overhang,
Run glibly on, my little Affrico,
Content to cool the feet of weary hind

On thy smooth pavement, strown for him with moss;
Regretting not thy vanisht lake, and maids
Aside its bank, each telling tale for tale ;
Revert thee rather, and with pride record
Here blythe Boccaccio led his *Fair Brigade*,*
Here Galileo with the stars converst,
And Milton soar'd above them to his God.

* Called *La bella Brigata* by him.

MARCUS AURELIUS AND LUCIAN.

M. AURELIUS.

LUCIAN! in one thing thou art ill-advised.

LUCIAN.

And in one only? tell me which is that.

M. AURELIUS.

In scoffing, as thou hast done openly,
At all religions: there is truth in all.

LUCIAN.

Ah! could we see it! but the well is deep.
Each mortal calls his God inscrutable;
And this at least is true: why not stop there?
Some subdivide him; others hold him close,
Forcing the subdivisions to unite.
The worshiper of Mithras lifts his eyes
To hail his early rising, for he knows
Who gives the fruits of earth to nourish him;
Olympus and the Alps are hills alike
To him, and goats their best inhabitants.

Did Epictetus take our rotten staves
To walk with uprightly? did Cicero
Kneel down before our urban deities?
He carried in his mouth a Jupiter
Ready for Senates when he would harangue,
Then wiped him clean and laid him down again.

M. AURELIUS.

Religions, true or false, may lend support
To man's right conduct : some deterr from ill
Thro' fear, and others lead by gentleness,
Benevolence in thought, beneficence
In action, and at times to patriotism
And gallant struggles for their native land.

LUCIAN.

So much the worse for these. Did Julius spare
The Druid in his grove? no; he wrencht off
The golden sickle from the misleto,
And burnt the wicker basket ere it held
Aloft on sacred oak the wretch within.

M. AURELIUS.

I doubt it: he knew well the use of priests.
Scoffing was not his fault, ambition was;
Yet clemency could over-rule ambition.

LUCIAN.

This of all vices is the very worst
Where the best men are made the sacrifice.

M. AURELIUS.

I am accused, I hear, of wanting it.

LUCIAN.

Yet thou too, Marcus, art ambitious; thou
Wouldst conquer worlds . . with kindness, wouldst
instruct

The unwise, control the violent, and divert
From battle-field to corn-field.

M. AURELIUS.

This I would,

But never irritate weak intellects
Clinging to a religion learnt by heart
From nurse and mother, thence most justly dear.

LUCIAN.

Founded on falsehood are not all religions,
All copies, more or less, from older ones?
Some by transfusion purified, and some
Weaken'd, and pour'd again upon the dregs,
Until they first ferment and then turn sour.

M. AURELIUS.

Yet, Lucian, there is truth in one religion,
Truth in that one which rises from a heart
With sweet and silent gratitude o'erflowing.

LUCIAN.

Weakest of orders is the composite,
Such is the fabric folks walk under here,
Already we have seen part after part
Crack off, and terrify bare scalps below.

M. AURELIUS.

Leave Rome her quiet Gods.

LUCIAN.

Not Saturn though,

Who would have eaten every God ere teetht,
But his first-born disabled him, and made
The little Venus laugh at granpapa.

M. AURELIUS.

We are not going up so far as him.

LUCIAN.

Fain would I stop at Venus and her son ;
It were ungrateful in me to malign
Such gentle Deities ; to laugh at them
They now, alas ! have left me little power ;
Juno has helpt in my discomfiture.

M. AURELIUS.

Into your Lares I will not intrude :
Temples I enter rarely ; not a God
Minds me above those atoms of the earth
Whereof we, low and lofty, are composed.
Such is the surest doctrine to uphold,
But to divulge even this may be unsafe.
Have not we known the Sage of Palestine
Derided, persecuted, crucified ?
Have we not seen his simple followers
Slaughter'd in this our city, this our Rome,
Some burnt alive, some thrown among wild beasts ?

LUCIAN.

Woefully true ! and thieves and murderers :
Have sprung up from the ground whereon they bled ;
No wicker-basket men, men calling Heaven
To help them in their vengeance on a foe

Who puts the left leg where he should the right,
And will not draw it back, but walk strait on.

M. AURELIUS.

Woefully true this also, but unwise,
Because unsafe, to utter.

LUCIAN.

Truth is more
Unsafe than falsehood, and was ever so.

M. AURELIUS.

Well, I would not exasperate by wit's
Sharp point the robb'd and bleeding ; stoop thou
rather
To heal them.

LUCIAN.

They would kick me in the face
If for such office I bend over them.
Better to strip the sophists of their rings
And trailing trappings, chaunting boys before,
Waving fat incense up against their beards
Ere they parade in them through every street,
And at the end of Via Sacra halt
To choose an Emperor of their own.

M. AURELIUS.

Friend Lucian! thou art more jocose than ever.
Why not imagine they may take my horse
From under me, then round men's shoulders strap
The curule chair and hoist a priest thereon?

LUCIAN.

Thy depth of wisdom, Marcus, long I knew,
But never knew thee poet til this hour.
Homer feign'd Polypheme, Calypso, Circe,
Imagination left him on the strand
With these ; he never saw, even in a dream,
So strange a rider mount a curule chair.

The sentiments of M. Aurelius and of Lucian are here exhibited. That Lucian was an honest man (if such a scoffer as he and Rabelais, and Cervantes and Dean Swift, are allowed to be) is probable by so sagacious and virtuous a prince as M. Aurelius appointing him to an important office in Egypt. There is more of banter than of wit in his Dialogues. In wit he is far inferior to Moliere, Voltaire, Congreve, Swift, Hood, and some now living.

ON THE DESCENT INTO HELL OF
EZZELINO DI NAPOLI.

REJOICE, ye nations! one is dead
By whom ten thousand hearts have bled.
Widows and orphans, raise your voice . .
One voice, ye prostrate peoples, raise
To God; to God alone be praise!
All dwellers upon earth, rejoice:

The imprisond soul, the tortured limb,
Are now at last set free by Him.
Each king their fellow king supplied
With thongs to scourge ye: but your wrongs
Reacht highest heaven; Angelic tongues
Shouted when Earth's Flagellant died.

The Demons heard and yell'd below,
Glad that his endless day of woe
(Long after theirs) had dimly dawn'd.
The proudest of them all sate dumb,
Angry that any Prince should come,
Who grudg'd to give the soul he pawn'd.

He gnasht his teeth; opprobrious names
Muttered on Death, and wisht his flames
Could crack his stubborn ribs . . in vain . .
He must resign or share the place
Imperial; he must bear disgrace
While that intruder feels but pain.

The Devils' mouths but seldom water,
Yet, sniffing this fat slug of slaughter,
 Theirs do, they then this grace begin,
"We have carous'd on king and pope
By dozens; could the worthiest hope
 A second course of Ezzelin?"

ON LADY CHARLES BEAUCLERC'S DEATH.

NOT empty are the honours that we pay
To the departed ; our own hearts are fill'd
Brimfull with grateful reminiscences ;
Compassion is excited ; the most stern
Relent ; and better even the best return.

Such, Teresita, were my thoughts, all day,
All night, when thou wert carried to thy home
Eternal, amid tears thou couldst not share,
Thither where none, not even of joy, are shed.
Surrounded with God's own serenity
Is that pure brow rais'd humbly to his throne.

Leaving thy home and those most dear awhile,
Thou, a few months before, wouldst have consoled
My sufferings : who shall now console thy sire's ?
Proud not of victories won in southern climes
And equal laws administer'd, but proud
Of virtues he implanted in his child.

ON THE CONFLAGRATION OF THE PO.

WHY is, and whence, the Po in flames? and why
In consternation do its borderers raise
Imploring hands to mortal men around
And Gods above? Are Gods implacable?
Or men bereft of sight at such a blaze?

Apollo hath no more a son; his breath
Is stifled, and smoke only fills the air
Where once was fire, and men to men were true.
Fierce ones and faithless now approach the waste,
Who look transversely with an evil eye,
And scowl and threaten, and uplift the sword,
And, if they lower it, 'tis but to grasp more
And more of amber left on either bank.

Apollo hates the land he once so loved,
Nor swan is seen nor nightingale is heard
Nigh the dead river and affrighted vale,
For every Nymph shed there incessant tears,
And into amber hardened all they shed.

BLESSING ON PYTHAGORAS.

BY AN ANCIENT PYTHAGOREAN.

BLESSED be he who taught us to abstain
 From flesh of animal, and bean as bad,
 But stated days appointed wherein fish,
 Marine or fluvial, scaly or smooth-skin'd,
 And pullet eggs, and certain mild legumes
 Which rise not up rebellious like the bean,
 Were unprohibited. Be blessed he
 Who fearless walked upon his golden thigh
 Over the sea from Egypt's holy land
 Until at length he reacht our Italy,
 Pythagoras.

We stil keep his commands,
 Save only those which rigidly forbid
 Bloodshed, of beast not only, but of man:
 This the most righteous pray the Gods to grant.

I do confess, and would repent, my sins,
 But harder is repentance than confession,
 For bovine I have eaten, nor abstain'd
 From porcine, and would rather shed such blood
 Than blood of fellow man.

"Thou art perverse,"
 The righteous say, and deem this abstinence
 Capricious.

*"Why not slay him if thou slay
 Creatures more innocent?"*

Such argument
 Baffles reply; therefor I, hastening home,
 Lay napkin upon knee and carve my beef.

A POET LEAVING ATHENS.

SPEAK not too ill of me, Athenian friends !
Nor ye, Athenian sages, speak too ill !
From others of all tribes am I secure.
I leave your confines : none whom you caress,
Finding me hungry and athirst, shall dip
Into Cephisos the grey bowl to quench
My thirst, or break the horny bread, and scoop
Stiffly around the scanty vase, wherewith
To gather the hard honey at the sides,
And give it me for having heard me sing.
Sages and friends ! a better cause remains
For wishing no black sail upon my mast.
'Tis, friends and sages ! lest, when other men
Say words a little gentler, ye repent,
Yet be forbidden by stern pride to share
The golden cup of kindness, pushing back
Your seats, and gasping for a draught of scorn.
Alas ! shall this too, never lackt before,
Be, when you most would crave it, out of reach ?
Thus on the plank, now Neptune is invoked,
I warn you of your peril : I *must* live,
And ye, O friends, howe'er unwilling, *may*.

DE LIBERTATE.

DIVA illa quæ nunc exulat Neapoli
Sub Alpibus non algida est;
Ibi illa diva, fortibus semper comes,
Te ampletitur, Poerio!

AD ROMAM PERICLITANTEM.

O ROMA! sortem quis tuam non defleat!
Ut amara contigit piis!
Deos deasque mox videbimus nate
Nudâ, atque vix superstitem;
Sed una restat quæ tibi servat fidem,
Laverna; liquit filium;
De Vaticano monte dum vibrat faces
Et fulmina et tōnitrua,
Fragore ridens artifex vafer suo,
Benedicite! ait, *benedicite!*

AD LIBERTATEM.

O QUÆ revisas arva Quiritium,
Collesque Tuscos et salices Padi,
 Udosque fines Sirmionis,
 Gramineasque vias Tarenti !
Quæ nunc Canopum, nunc Arabum sinus,
Marisque rubri quæ penetras vada,
 Thracemque, Libertas, Getamque,
 Degeneremque fugis Britannum !
Ah quàm fideli pectore te mea
Fovit juventus ! quàm patriæ pudet !
 Sublustre quam sordet sacellum,
 Quàm veteres periere luci !
Quos nunc adibis ? Hesperios viros,
Viros Iberos ? an pateram libet
 Puram et salubrem implere ab Istri
 Fontibus, exiguone Rheno ?
Sylvæ ruentis, fluminis abditi,
Audire planctus, aerû lacûs
 Primûm susurros, dein cachinnos,
 Dein fremitum et rabiem, et ruinam
Utrinque sparsam ab culmine rupium,
Ascendere inter, stare super, juvat :
 Qui magna consuescunt videre
 Magna ferent, facientque magna.
Refringis istis et glaciem Alpium
Metumque pellis pensilibus jugis :
 Quocunque spectaris renident
 Lumine candidiore soles.

Messana, tendens brachia vinculis
Exserta, pubes te Drepani, vocat :
Interque pastores renidens
Musa siracosiis cachinnis.
Horrentia intras mænia vepribus
Queis Archimedis contegitur cyclus,
Callesque quos ferro notavit
Empedocles, deus Agrigenti.
Quin vulgus excors nobilium crepet,
At integrâ te dum sequerer fide,
Plutónicas ædes adirem
Et canerem Stygias ad undas.

AD HEROINAM.

QUÆNAM dearum stat mediâ viâ ?
Quâ me morantem voce jubet sequi ?
Gressum recognosco superbum,
Atque oculos aliter timendos.

Trivultiorum filia nobilis !
Nuper benigno lumine Larium
Lustrans, reliquisti paternæ
De proavis ditionis Alpes,

Vallesque flavas et juga vitium
Obducta pronis retibus ? est acer*
Pubentibus fidus minister,
Sunt nemora undisonæque villæ :

Lympham inquietam subter imagines
Candore mulcent, duraque Mediæ
Gemma† intepentis large odores
Cœlitibus placidis profundit.

Parendum . . Eamus quâ tuba concitat
Ad arma seros Ausoniæ siros,
Qua Roma vexillis coruscat
Ad nemora Albunæ sonantis.

* Cui (non ulmo ut olim) vites ligatur. Aliquibus agri Mediotanensis locis, mille passuum sub earum compagibus ambulatio est.

† Citrei flos durus et solidus est.

Corneliarum non domus interit,
Non mersa fulvo gurgite Clelia,
Non Arriæ ferrum vetustas
(Hoc geris increpitans) peredit.

En ! vulneratis illam adhibes manum
Quam gloria esset tangere regibus,
Nec dentium studorem acutum
Nec saniem refugis nigrantem.

Citum latronis nunc retrahit pedem
Detrusa agresti milite Gallia,
Diu sibi ipsi non fidelis,
Ast aliis malefida semper.

Musæ, fatebor sponte, Britannicæ
In calceo alto pes patulus natat,
Nec Gratiae zonam modestæ
Pectoribus religant anhelis :

Sed barbarorum cruda loquentia
Te non lacesset ; non vacuum melos
Tibi insusurrandum ; nec ibis
Deciduo decorata serto.

Ad imperantis Justitiæ latus
Guttam supremam sanguinis ablues,
Post bella, post regum tumultus,
Egeriæ gelido liquore.

Ubi ille in alto qui solet æthere
Volare ? ubi ales qui Jovis ad latus

Sedere ? bubonem videmus ;
Occinit in mediis ruinis.

Qui liberandum protenus Adriam
Edixit alta voce vocantibus
Idem resurgentem vetustis
Implicat Italiam catenis.

Urbes reclamant . . “ I, caput occula,
Nec pejeratum laurea protegat !
I, regibus solis fidelis !
I, maculate cruore nostro.”

En ! colla torquet libera pontifex
Quem Roma dudum finibus expulit.
Inulta-ne æternum manebit
O superi ! Perusina cœdes ?

PRECES PRO SALUTE REGIS QUI MORBO
PEDICULARI LABORAT.

Ut Natura jubet, pisces sint piscibus escæ;
Atqui, pedicule, parce tu pediculo.
Usque clientelæ fidissimus hospes adhære;
Vivax sit ille, vestris annuentibus,
Quamvis per tenebras et claustra diutius audit
Paucos gementûm (ut ante) queis gavisus est.
Carminibus Superos calidis pietate precamur
Vivat, pediculis simul cohortibus.
Quumque suprema dies illuxerit, ista legantur . .
Pediculorum maximum hoc marmor tegit.

AD PONTIFICEM,

CIVIUM CÆDE IN URBE PERUGIÂ JUSSU EJUS PATRATÂ.

FALLERE non sat erat populos, quin cæde latrones
Pascis, et infantûm sanguine tingis avos.
Haud facis ipse, inquis; viti! perfide! nonne coronam
Imponisque duci concelebrasque diem?
Proh scelus! et Galli circûm sine vindice dextrâ
Talìa facta vident intuituque probant!
Exul eris, fraudesque tuæ cædesque patescent . .
Vive Dei oblitus; non erit ille tui.

AD REGEM SARDINIÆ.

HAUD unquam tetigit regum mea dextera dextram,
Horum alii jaceant, ut lubet, ante pedes.
Dixerit haud quisquam me sollicitâsse potentûm
Munera, quæ dederit aut potuere dare:
Est igitur licitum jam denique plaudere soli
Qui manibus puris sceptrâ paterna gerit.
Vive, salus patriæ! neque cessent prælia donec
Projectus fuerit Noricus ensis humi.
Restituat Romæ popularia jura tribunus*
Qui tua nunc anteit castra, vir ante viros.

* Barbarorum copias primus fudit fugavitque Garibaldus, miles strenuus, dux providus, aliorum sanguinis parcus, profusus sui. Gloriam, quam adaptus est, civium caritati posthabeat.

NOTES.

P. 5, line 2. *Thy beautifully-storied streets.*

Greek authors have recorded that the houses of Tanagra were painted on the outside. In like manner were many in the towns of Tuscany. There was Massa *La dipinta*: and within our memory some beautiful paintings have been effaced in Florence. Opposite to the Porta Romana was the front of a house adorned by the hand of Giovanni da San Giovanni. Probably the decorations of Tanagra commemorated heroes or demigods or illustrious citizens. Landscape, as rural scenes are called, was little cultivated before the time of Titian, whose background to his Peter Martyr is sublime.

P. 66, line 1. *Catillus and Salia.*

Plutark so calls the founder of Tibur. Horace writes *Mænia Catili*.

P. 129, line 1. *Pindar and Hiero.*

Mr Gladstone's two ponderous volumes on Homer open and shut on nothing new or important. Whatever is worth notice in them may be found in *Pericles and Aspasia*.

P. 248, line 3. *Southey and Hare and, on his deathbed, Ward.**

Southey's criticism on *Gebir* may be found in the *Critical Review* for September 1799. He says on *Gebir's* speech to the Gadites, "A passage more truly Homeric than the close of this extract we do not remember in the volumes of modern poetry."

P. 248, line 13. *When Cowley shone near Milton.*

The learned Ainsworth says that Cowley was "poetarum sæculi sui *facile princeps*."

* Lord Dudley and Ward.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

P. 2. *Thrasymedes and Eunöe.*

14th line : "Hera" should be "Heré."

P. 3, 1st line : "Piræos" should be "Piræeus."

P. 13. *Homer and Laertes.*

After "Sing cheerily but when the throat is moist."

Add :

HOMER.

I sang to maidens in my prime ; again
(But not before the morrow) will I sing :
Let me repose this noontide, since in sooth
Wine, a sweet remedy for weariness,
Helps to uplift its burden.

LAERTES.

Lie then down
Along yon mat bestrown with rosemary.
And, Agatha, do thou bring speedily
The two large ewers, and fill brimfull the bath

Capacious ; that of brass ; Penelope's
 Own bath, wherein she laught to see her boy
 Paddle, like cygnet with its broad black oars,
 Nor shunn'd the chilly water he threw up
 Against her face . . he who grew soon so sage !
 Then do thou, maiden, from hot cauldron pour
 Enough to make it soothing to the feet ;
 After, bring store of rushes, and long leaves
 Of cane sweet-smelling, from the inland bank
 Of that famed river far across the sea
 Opposite, to our eyes invisible.
 Be sure thou smoothen with both hands his couch
 Who has the power to make both young and old
 Live throughout ages.

AGATHA.

And look well throughout?

LAERTES.

Aye, aye, and better than they lookt before.
 May thou rest well, old wanderer ! Even the Gods
 Repose, the Sun himself sinks down to rest.

P. 59. *Coresus and Callirhoë.*

9th line from the bottom :

“ Catillus ” should be “ Coresus.”

P. 68. *Catillus and Salia.*

13th line :

“ oscillating now ” should be “ now oscillating.”

14th line :

“ Alone upon the water ; look up ; how befriends us ”
should be

“ Alone upon the water ; how befriends us . ”

P. 80. *Pan and Pitys.*

10th line from the bottom :

“ And thou, Pan, than all . ”
should be

“ And thou, Pan, worse than all . ”

5th line from the bottom :

“ Was safe, the love-sick swain kept a sharp look there ”
should be

“ Was safe, the love-sick swain kept sharp look there . ”

P. 102. *Gebir.*

6th line : “ Leant ” should be “ Lean’d . ”

P. 109. *Chrysaor.*

Last line : “ with which ” should be “ wherewith . ”

P. 118. *Leontion, on Ternissa's Death.*

4th line of second stanza : “ once Ternissa ” should
be “ our Ternissa . ”

P. 123. *Sophron's Hymn.*

10th line : “ Is there a city ” should be “ Is there in
city . ”

P. 129. *Pindar and Hiero.*

6th line : Pindar's speech should have been printed

“ In verse I sing

Not always dithyrambics. I may lift

A mortal,” &c.

Omitting

“ We do not feed

On race-horse flesh, nor drive the chariot-wheels

Upon the table. Even ”

P. 135. *Cleone to Aspasia.*

12th line : “ Heap up ” should be “ Heave up.”

P. 144. *The Famine in Etruria.*

1st and 2d lines should be,

“ Joyous they return'd, such joy

As could find entrance in such shrunk abodes.”

P. 177. *Corythos.*

8th line : “ What fault was ever mine,”

should be

“ What fault, ye Gods, was mine,”

P. 179, 10th line from bottom : “ Hercules ” should
be “ Heracles.”

P. 183, 4th line :

“ Her hand to him : now first was he ashamed ”

should be

“ Her hand to Corythos : he stood ashamed.”

5th line : "He looks, he sighs," should be "He
"lookt, he sigh'd,"

6th line : "He hangs upon her words" should be
"He hung," &c.

8th line : "said she" should be "thought she."

At once he told her why he came : she held
Her hand to Corythos : he stood ashamed
Not to have hated her : he lookt, he sigh'd,
He hung upon her words . . what gentle words !
How chaste her countenance.

"What open brows
The brave and beauteous ever have !" thought she.

P. 192. *Peleus and Thetis.*

11th Line : "Æolus" should be "Æolos."

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